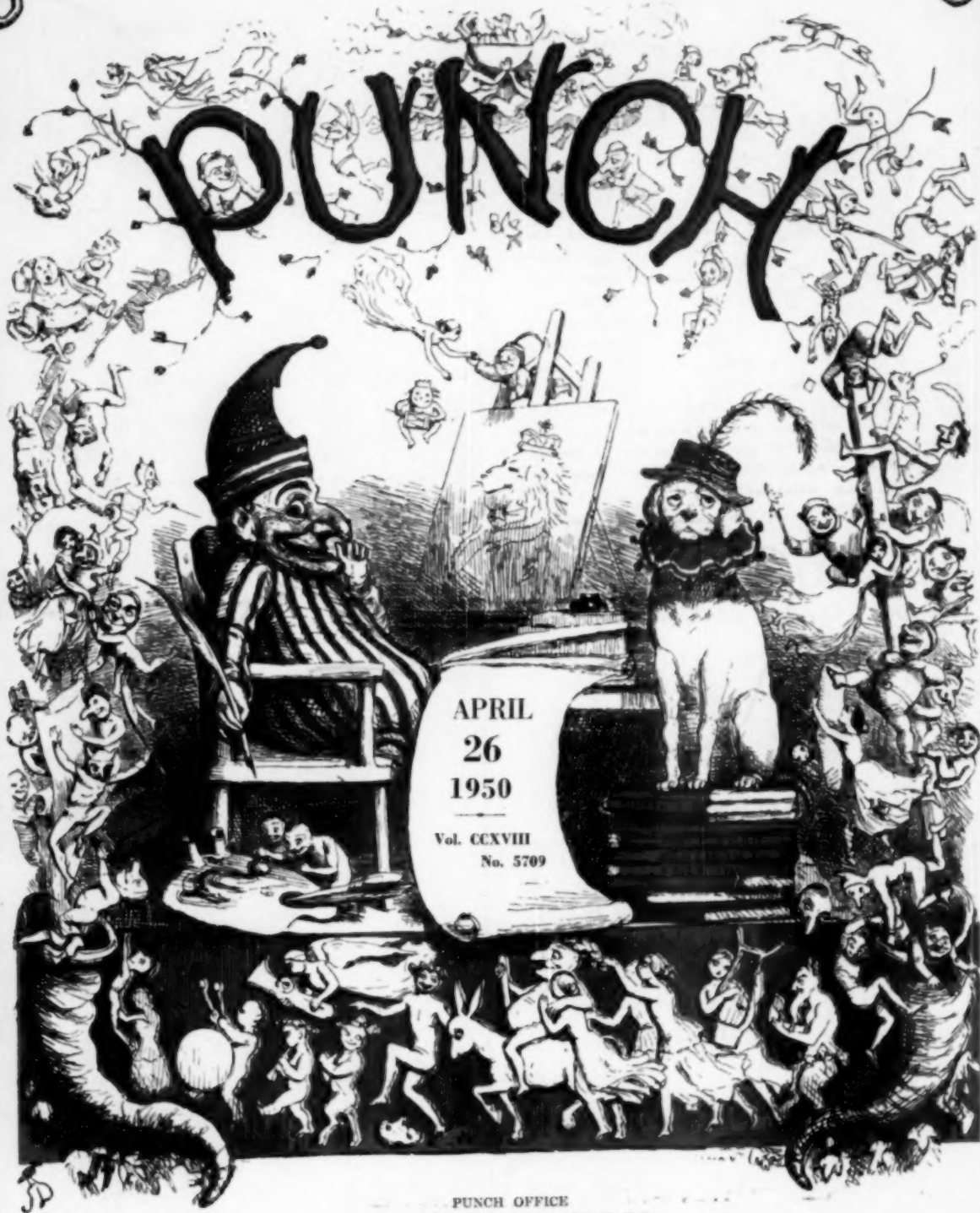


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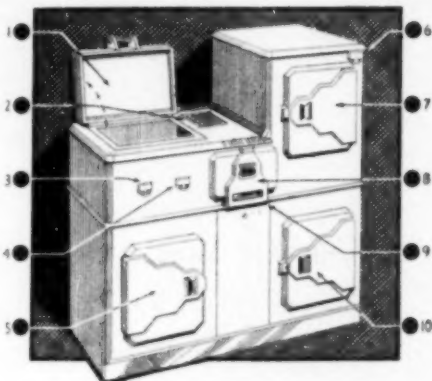
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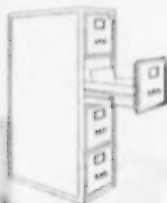
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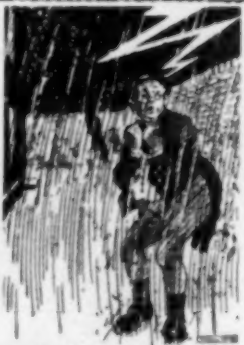
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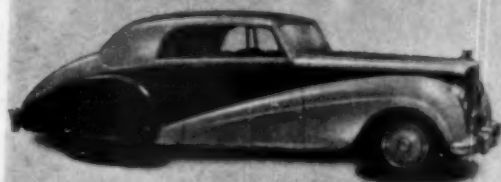
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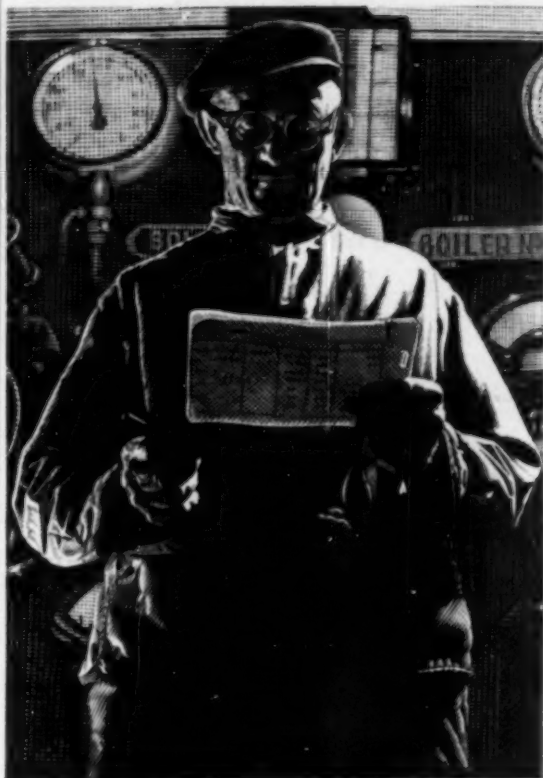


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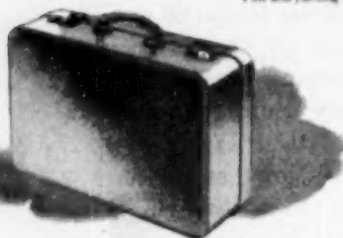
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Writing of the Mark V Jaguar in the *Daily Mail*, Courtenay Edwards says:—"Everything about it, the feel of it, the way it goes, the way it sounds and the way it looks has distinction! Its engine is as docile in city streets as it is impatiently fast on the open road... I particularly liked the new steering which is light, positive, self-centring and free from road shocks. It corners like a racing car yet the springing with extra long torsion bars for the independent front suspension gives a delightfully smooth ride."

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CHARIVARIA

The Einstein Belle

"PADDINGTON arrive 6.15 P.M.
RETURN FROM PADDINGTON
12.15 A.M. (night) SAME DAY."
Railway handbill

2

Edgar Torres of Lamesa, Texas, who with the birth of triplets to his seventh wife became the father of his thirty-ninth child, confesses that he cannot remember the names of all his family. But then there are no family allowances in Texas.

According to *Pravda* Stalin will never stand for Mr. Truman. On the other hand he might possibly be willing to sit for Mr. Churchill.

3

"First reports show that Children's Safety Week, which opened throughout Britain yesterday, has caught the public's imagination, and an official of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents last night.

"In most areas," he said, "children and parents are tumbling over themselves to help."

"News Chronicle"

Excellent practice for the first-aid squads.

AN educational conference has suggested that our younger "toughs" should be sent to special institutions to learn what humility really means. Alternatively, they might be made to put up for a brief spell at a provincial hotel.



1

Concerning the value of the pound, the stargazer of a Sunday newspaper asserts that "Nothing much can be expected until Jupiter coincides with London's Zodiac point in August, 1953." Perhaps the Chancellor of the Exchequer will then be able to introduce retrospective legislation to make it possible for us to have had a good holiday abroad this summer.

4

"To be sold by Public Roup in the Victoria Hotel, Elie, on 24th March, at 12 o'clock noon.

052323 2384 L
Full particulars from the Subscribers."

Adet. in "East Fife Observer"
Going, going, gone.

5



2

Advertised in a New York weekly is an American-grown beverage known as "W——'s Neapolitan brand New York State Rhine Wine." O for a beaker full of the warm West.

3

Well Equipped

"Young man, 27, public school, with flare for cooking, plenty of initiative and ideas, requires interesting post in catering industry."

Adet. in "The Times"

449



3

A new make of gramophone record has been produced that plays dance music for more than twenty minutes on each side, and is claimed to be unbreakable. So now all that is required is a gramophone that is unbreakable too.

MOVEMENTS OF LINERS

EVERY day in a rectangle of newsprint
The Times plays boats.
Over Lilliputian oceans, ringed by company reports,
sail the world's fleets.

Fm Haiphong, Brisbane and St. John, N.B.,
fm Pt Said and B.A.,
for Grvand, Avnmth, L'pool and Ldn
Castles, Cities, Counties steam on their way.
But looked at *sub specie aeternitatis*,
might it not read one day:

Ile de France fm Chrbrg psad the Casquets,
Queen Elizabeth fm Sthmtn arcd N.Y.,

Golden Hind fm Plmth scld Cartagena,
Santa Maria fm Palos due W.I.;
Sea-snake for Vinland sghtd Orkneys,
Tin Queen fm Tarshish dckd Lnd's
End,
Argo for Thule grndd the Gdwns,
Ark cld Ndlr for make-and-mend.

Due Whthll or the Cty
men sit back at ease
with their seasons fm the sbrrls
and The Times on their knees,
and in the hot Undrgrud
they sniff the salt breeze.

HH

ON THE CLOCK

"IT'S outside the radius."
"Half a mile inside."
"And what about my petrol?"
"You can glide going back."
"More than four mile, anyway."
"Not if you go the way I tell you."
He shrugged (like Atlas under a
world of overclothing) his shoulders.

When we had gone about half
the distance I tapped the glass in
front of me with my umbrella.
Immediately he pulled in to the side
of the road and turned round in his
seat to face me.

"Temper," he said, shaking a
fat forefinger.

I have never seen a taxi-driver
anything like him; and I still think
he was unique. He had a round
sallow face and very long waxed
moustaches, of the kind that are
supposed to be suitable to a
sergeant major.

"What on earth do you mean?"
I said.

"You might easy of broken my
glass doing that. What if there'd
been a bit of a hole in the road when
you was hitting it like that? And
how long would it take to get it
mended, I should like to know?"

"Well, I haven't broken it,
anyway."

"Maybe not, but you weren't
thinking of my glass when you
did it. You want to restrain your
temper, that's what you want."

"What I wanted was to say
you'd taken the wrong turning."

"And which of us is likely to
know the right way going about
London, you or me I should like to
know?"

We discussed geography.

After a while I gave it up.

"Well, carry on," I said.

"What's on the clock?" I asked
him when the long journey was
done. I never seem to be able to
look at the thing before I get out.
To my surprise he cleared his throat
and plunged into oratory.

"Well now," he said, "if I was
in your position and you was in
mine, the way I should put it to
myself would be this: 'Here's this
man,' I should say, 'has taken me
all this way up to a part of London
that he's never been asked to go to
before,' and here he looked round
scornfully at the fading magnolias
and the budding cherry blossom.
'And how am I to know whether
he'll get a fare back again?' And
I should say to myself, if I was in
your position, I should say 'Well,
it's all of ten bob's worth at the
very least.' That's what I should
say."

* *

I was still puzzling about the
transmigration of souls when I was
hailed from inside the gate.

"Heavens," I said, "I didn't
know you were going so soon! Isn't
there time for a drink?"

"Hardly, I'm afraid. How long
will it take to get to Buckingham
Palace Road?"

He was about to fly to India.

It is always difficult to find
last words to say to anyone who
is going to the other end of the
world. By air, anyhow.

Ships are easier. Notoriously
one can try "I hope you have
it calm in the Bay," or "Don't
miss the left-hand turn at
Gibraltar."

But the sky is just the sky.

He had two suitcases and was
changing continents, that was all.

"Where do you stop off?" I
asked.

"Rome. Cairo. Two hours."

"You won't do them justice in
that time. What about a hat?"

"Not yet, I think."

"Golf clubs? Mackintosh?"

"I don't think so."

"The pilot wants ten shillings
so far. Don't talk to him, he's
temperamental. And give my love
to Nehru."

We went to the taxi.

The man with the moustaches
was still surveying the houses and
scenery with an air of indescribable
scorn. One could have wished that
the railings had been repainted.
Clearly the remote avenue had been
honoured by the coming of his
brittle machine.

The traveller got inside. I
turned to the maestro.

"And where do we expect to go
this time?" he asked me languidly.

"Delhi," I said, slamming the
door.

EVOE



"FOR IMMEDIATE ACTION, PLEASE"



"And if you want anything just clamber up on top of the bed and knock—I'm upstairs."

THE TROUBLE WITH MOST PEOPLE

"THE trouble with most people," said Cedric, heaving a log on to the fire, "is that they don't concentrate on what they're doing."

"What made you heave a log on the fire?" I asked.

"They frequently do."

"Who?"

"The characters at the beginning of this type of article. Haven't you noticed? 'The trouble with something or other,' said Clogworthy, heaving another log on the fire, 'is so and so.'"

"But it's a gas fire," I objected.

"So much the better," said Cedric.

"Why?"

"Oh, come, come," said Cedric, "think back."

"Most of the articles of this type that I can remember," I said, "have centred round enigmatical incidents on the tops of buses. I fail to see how they could begin with people heaving logs on fires."

"It would seem difficult on the face of it, I admit," said Cedric, trying coal, "but some of these authors would take it in their stride. I can just see it: 'The trouble with Dogwash,' said the little man in the fawn raincoat, settling into his seat on a 73a and

heaving another log on to the fire, 'is that he will try to be in two places at the same time.'"

"I've never read an article beginning like that," I said; "the ones I come across mostly begin with some phrase like, 'Two five-pennies,' I murmured, trying not to sound over-confident."

"There you are!" Cedric exclaimed, "Trying not to sound over-confident, 'Heaving a log on the fire'—it's practically the same thing. No one is ever allowed to begin speaking without either performing some exhausting physical exercise or probing into his subconscious. 'Pass me the egg-whisk, dear,' said Millicent, shaking white-wash all over me out of her shoe' is the sort of stuff they dish out these days. Note how the big laugh is buried away in the subordinate clause to make readers feel they've been extra bright in spotting it. In the good old days when they first started making capital out of Millicent and me there was never the slightest difficulty in knowing where the laughs came. 'Golly,' Millicent would have ejaculated upon observing that her dainty little foot was all but submerged in a pail of Thomkinson's extra persistent easily washable whitewash, 'I really have put my foot in it, haven't I?'"

"Nowadays," Cedric went on, "they nearly all go in for this oblique inconsequential stuff and leave you to put your own interpretation on it, always hoping, of course, that you'll come to some much cleverer conclusion than they ever could have. You must have seen this sort of thing over and over again: 'Hand me a hexagonal bun,' chirruped Mrs. Chronometre's youngest but one, 'nettles-rash is what I am about to come out with.'"

"Ho, ho, I am in love, as the saying goes, with a musical sawyer's manager," whispered her half-sister, briskly buttering an éclair and wondering whether it would cause general amusement to hand it to a stuffed trout.

"That reminds me," observed their father, "at Doncaster yesterday, 'Strachey's Last Stand'

romped home at forty-four or thereabouts to one."

"Some poor people," whimpered the octogenarian who had come to repair the ouija board, "have no home to romp in." Later he told Press representatives, "It's all according."

Cedric paused and, unable to let well alone, began to apply the bellows vigorously. "I think on the whole though," he continued after a while, "I suffer more from the characters who try to make some vague half-truth sound like a piece of penetrating observation, you know..." "Have you noticed," said Mudlark, removing a grasshopper from his porridge, "that people with stains on their waterproofs suffer from a sense of guilt almost as deep as do those whose waterproofs have no stains on them at all?"

"Can't say it strikes a chord," I said, "but, in any case, what do you propose to do about it?"

"Ah," said Cedric, buttoning up his overcoat with the air of a man who has burnt his boats only to discover that he has left his binoculars on board, "there hain't no telling wi' beetles."

"Wi' beetles?" I repeated; "what on earth are you on about now, and why are you buttoning up your coat in that extraordinary manner and talking in a mixture of Hertfordshire and Midlothian?"

"Dialect," said Cedric; "I was just bringing things to a typical conclusion."

"So you may," I said, "but I propose to have the last word, and what I suspect is that you've been having a shot at writing some of these articles yourself, and having found no takers you're attempting to get even by belittling the styles that you've tried unsuccessfully to imitate," and with that somewhat cumbersome sentence I rose haughtily and offered my seat to an embittered woman with a string bag.

DANIEL PETTIWARD

"Cook for café, able to take an asset."

Adet. in Canadian paper

Or cook an account.

FOR WALPURGISNACHT

This year marks the twelve-hundredth anniversary of the departure of St. Walpurgis from Saxony on her mission to Germany.

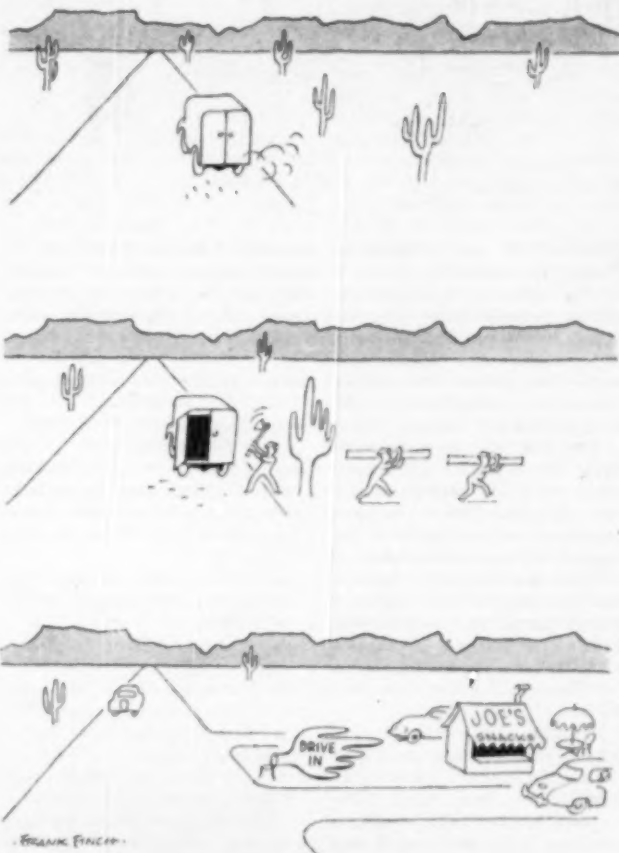
THE tenantless grave,
The unquiet night,
The darkness seared
With the witches' flight,
The secret sabbat,
The stealthy shame—
With these, Walpurgis,
We yoke your name.

We have forgotten
That people faint
From fear of evil
Chose you their saint,

Knowing your goodness
For magic stronger
Than the warlock and vampire
We fear no longer.

But those were figments
Of ignorant error;
Now from our knowledge
We forge worse terror.
Shield us, Walpurgis,
Healer and friend,
When the world's masters
Contrive its end!

B. A. YOUNG



BRIAN FRANCE

THE BEADLE AND THE BARD



STRATFORD is enchanting, especially around St. George's Day; the spring lawns and hedges smell sweet, the daffodils shine, the Borough awans paddle for crumbs with symbolism in every feather, and the river echoes to the squeaks of oarswomen as they navigate the low, grey arches of Clopton Bridge.

Why then, surrounded by these charms, should I have felt uneasy after a first stroll round the town? Was I embarrassed to find so much Shakespeare written up over the shops, or his likeness in mosaic even above the door of a bank? Perhaps a bedroom labelled "The Comedy of Errors" jarred, and a bathroom labelled "The Tempest"; perhaps I could not dine really comfortably in a dining-room labelled "As You Like It."

At any rate, certain unruly thoughts were stirring in me by the next morning, and this article would probably have been called "The Complete Works" but for certain exchanges with Mr. Fred Baker, the Beadle, a chubby Touchstone

maintained at the Town Hall for the purpose, no doubt, of restoring the perspective of confused pilgrims. Despite all my efforts, the interview persists in reporting itself as follows:

Scene—An Ante-room to the Mayor's Parlour.

Enter BEADLE, with the Chronicler, INKPOT, disguised.

BEA. First, see on yonder wall the roll of officers, that shows John Shakespeare was Bailiff to our Borough in 1568. They all marvel to see it.

INK. I do not want your John, nor Caliban nor Doll Tearsheet. What of William?

BEA. There's William and plenty. The very streets cry William.

INK. Not to my ear, though Arden cries from above the greengrocer's.

BEA. Arden is a good name. Arden was green enough.

INK. So you are content that Oberon sets up as a barber, Timon turns tailor and Troilus partners Cressida in millinery? What of the Pericles pork-shop, where a

pound of polony can be had of him that never laid eyes on the play, I'll warrant!

BEA. Stay, sir, stay. Do not flush so. Reason a little. For this is all William, after a manner. True, there is his head on every door-knocker and ale-bottle, and no lack of spoons and toasting-forks beside. But it is all William. And if they are even now dressing the streets for his birthday to greet the magnificoes that will presently flock upon us in numbers enough to play *Lear* and all the Henrys rolled into one, what of it? If they plan to line the ways with fabricated cherry-trees, and did call on me but an hour back for fabricated birds'-nests to lodge in the branches, with Master Borough Engineer praying against a bursted water-main during the procession—well, it is all William, after a manner.

INK. Yet I do not like the manner. I do not see William in it.

BEA. You are ambitious, sir, wishing to see him that has been gone

these three hundred years. He is a spirit, is William, and lives in his book. At least, to my thinking.

INK. And mine. Yet your masters entice the pilgrims hither to seek something more of him when they have the whole of him between covers at home. It is strange.

BEA. No. For consider. He was born here and died here, as there is sound testimony for. It pleases them to come, and honours him and profits us. And if we do not exhibit his boots or ale-mug, or the quill that scratched up Rosalind and Prospero, then it only shows us the more honourable: it would not strain invention to counterfeit his very waistcoat-buttons if we had a mind, and take our civic oath they were real.

INK. [aside] There is sense here.

BEA. And if they love him better and read him more because they have seen the descendants (as some suppose) of the deer he poached (so it is said) and fled to London to escape the consequences (as it is thought) where is the wrong in that? Where is the wrong if, from the magical accident of William, the town prospers, and Beadles and the like receive a little something for keeping his memory green?

INK. Thank you, and here's for your pains. Is there refreshment to be had nearby?

BEA. I shall direct you, sir, and thanks. The Titus Andronicus Soda-fountain and Snack-bar is clean and cheap, and but a step away. [Exeunt]

But the reader must not take all this too seriously. It is meant only to warn him that the thoughtful visitor to Stratford, remembering the unkind cracks about "the Shakespeare Industry," may be too ready to defend the poet's name against exploitation for cash. The town may turn his plays and his people into trade-marks, but on balance a lot more is done for Shakespeare than against him. The relics may be sparse, but so are the records. It cannot be helped that the New Place Museum has to be padded out with waistcoats worn at the 1760 Jubilee, copies of portraits of his contemporaries, a glass case containing flowers mentioned in the plays and, among the wilder irrelevancies, a fine collection of antique fire-insurance plates. And outside, though the garden is a miracle of gardening, nothing is to be seen of Shakespeare's house that once stood there but the foundations. It is easy to be too demanding, and most of Stratford's pilgrims seem quite sufficiently awed by what Stratford has to show.

Planning ahead for Festival of Britain sightseers, Stratford authorities have drawn up an impressive list of industrial activities engaged in by the townfolk, including canning, brewing and the manufacture of road-signs and other notices in many languages (a dozen announcements of "A Wood Near Athens," in Greek if necessary, would have been a simple matter if the Royal Label Factory had flourished a few hundred years ago). This list ignores Shakespeare completely;



perhaps some far-sighted plan exists to meet any sudden lurch of world opinion towards the Baconian theory... but it seems more likely that the town frankly likes to insist on having a present as well as a past. Certainly the name of Shakespeare, though profusely written up in every sense, is seldom heard on Stratfordian lips; the people have other things to think about, and the professional eavesdropper hovering in the streets hoping to hear a fish-queue theorizing about the Dark Lady of the Sonnets will probably glean nothing more than comments on the temperature, and familiar strictures on the Ministry of Food. But there, it would soon become tedious for all parties if the bar-maid served a line of Mistress Quickly's with every pint of ale, and the doorman at the Memorial Theatre beguiled the queues with Hamlet's speech to the Players.

I am sorry to have arrived at the Theatre so obliquely and so late, for to many of Stratford's visitors it must be the heart of the matter. In the intervals of *Measure for Measure* the other night the carpet at the back of the stalls was strewn with sitting patrons jealously guarding their precious standing-room, and I heard a gentleman from the North saying ecstatically "Nay, but it's wonderful stuff! Wonderful stuff!" He was perspiring with delight. I saw nothing to match his enjoyment among the hushed visitors to "the Birthplace" poring over Will's will, or trying to squeeze a grain of satisfaction from a fragment of excavated comb and a blackened tinder-box lid.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



AT THE PICTURES

All the King's Men
She Wore a Yellow Ribbon

COINCIDENCE or not, *All the King's Men*—produced, written (from ROBERT PENN WARREN's novel) and directed by ROBERT ROSSEN—is another instance to add to the list of films that have turned out exceptionally well after being controlled in several departments by the same man. It is not, a foreword solemnly assures us, the story of anybody in particular; but few people by this time can be unaware that at every turn it suggests the career of Huey Long of Louisiana, who was well on the way to becoming a dictator when he was killed in 1935. The political life of a demagogue is summed up in revealing flashes, from the earliest days when in all honesty he harangues people in the street about local graft, through his discovery that apparent honesty coupled with florid promises works just as well as the real thing, to his final corruption by the knowledge that he can force people to do anything he wants

and his profound belief that "good comes out of bad." BRODERICK CRAWFORD is excellent in the part; the subsidiary characters are pretty conventional—the reporter who tells the story, the hard-boiled girl, the platoons of crooked politicians, the upright judge blackmailed into suicide—but this does not affect the persuasiveness of the narrative. There is, I think, little background music, and the detail is constantly interesting. A notable virtue is the variety of visual impression: there is a striking difference in atmosphere between one day and another (when one reflects how important this is for credibility it's astonishing that so few films bother about it). The dialogue is full of good things. I enjoyed this; its faults are unimportant.

She Wore a Yellow Ribbon (Director: JOHN FORD) is a very pleasant Western without nearly so much petticoat influence as the title suggests. In fact the attempt to work up a "romantic interest" seems to be half-hearted, so that although the girl who wore a yellow ribbon (it means, the song says, that her sweetheart is in the U.S. Cavalry) has two rivals for her hand, we are not much moved by any wish to support one rather than the other. The principal character is not involved in this situation: a grizzled veteran on the point of retirement (JOHN WAYNE), he is a captain at a cavalry outpost in hostile Indian country



[She Wore a Yellow Ribbon]
Captain Cheiron
Captain Britches—JOHN WAYNE

about the year 1876. His natural wish is to make his last patrol a success; and he is put out when the necessity to escort the wife and daughter of his commanding officer on their way to get a stage-coach indirectly causes its failure. But of course miscellaneous heroism corrects everything in the end, and one of the young men, I forget which, gets the girl. To look at, the picture is very pleasing indeed. There is always satisfaction to be found in that typical

Western shot of a group of tiny figures moving across the corner of a bare landscape beneath imposing pinnacles of rock, and the Technicolor is used with real imagination. Here, too, there is unusual variety of atmosphere: among the customary red dawns, sun-baked deserts and blue moonlit nights there are such scenes as that of a grey, windy dusk with a violent storm coming up, and the contrast is very effective. The basic story is slight and the Indian-fighting stuff holds no surprises, but at several levels the picture offers much honest enjoyment.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Apart from *Bicycle Thieves* (11/1/50), the brightest of the other London shows are for laughter: Danny Kaye's *The Inspector General* (19/4/50), and the new French one *Jour de Fête*.

Worthiest, most discussed of the releases is *They Were Not Decided* (12/4/50), which I thought disappointing. *Adam's Rib* is funny and well made, and *The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend* (29/3/50), though not good Preston Sturges, is very efficient slapstick.

RICHARD MALLETT



[All the King's Men]
Humpty-Dumpty
Willie Stark—BRODERICK CRAWFORD

EXPERT REJECTS

YES, it is quite true, as the young American novelist John Brooks has said, that "real writers" are essentially lonely and reticent people, who save all their best ideas for print—people who are fully aware that "spilled out in conversation ideas become damaged, watered down." I've known all about this reticence of real writers for a long time without being able to put my finger on the precise cause.

Once or twice a week a group of real writers meets for an hour or so of relaxation in one of Fleet Street's dingier bars, and I am sometimes allowed to occupy a remote extra-peripheral seat at this brilliant circle. I no longer expect to hear scintillating repartee of the old "Mermaid Tavern" standard, or even the rangy mental exhibitionism of the early Brains Trust: the conversation is colourless and cautious, as befits men who are real writers struggling to save their ideas for print. . . .

"Well, who's going to win the Cup?" says Ludwig —, the distinguished writer of children's novels. "I reckon Liverpool'll walk it."

"Shouldn't wonder," grunts Arthur —, the celebrated autobiographer.

For a few moments the company combs through the recorded wordage, looking for germinal notions that might be worth borrowing and developing. Ludwig immediately senses this, races back over his lines, and wonders whether it was altogether discreet to mention a subject which could so easily be incorporated into Chapter XVI of his new novel, *The Lofty Ambition*.

"You got a ticket?" says Timothy —, the essayist.

"No, too old, too old . . . I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled," says Hunslett —, the noted critic.

Everybody laughs immoderately.

"Eliot never—" says Fane —, the social historian.

"Speaking of Eliot—" says Timothy.

"Eliot," says Ludwig. "never saw a football match in his life."

What an idiot boy I am, Hunslett thinks: why can't I keep my big mouth shut! Now they'll all know I'm doing a piece on Eliot for next month's *Elogue*, incorporating *New Thought*.

"See, I always forget," says Arthur. "isn't that from *Prafrack*?"

"Drink up, Fane," says Hunslett, looking across at me and frowning. I rise, collect up the glasses and carry them to the counter. It is a privilege for an outsider to buy his way into such a splendid gathering.

"By the way," says Fane, "George — was telling me this morning that petrol's coming off the . . ." His jaws tighten over the rest of the sentence and he runs his index finger round the inside of his collar to ease a sudden constriction. Is this yet another idea that must be watered down to unsaleable mediocrity in open discussion! What happened to that H-bomb idea last week! Ruined, filtered of all pop-and-go in five minutes of loose

chatter! Fane groans, sucks in his right cheek and bites it savagely. The rest of the group observe his distress and are immediately full of understanding.

"O.K., Fane, old man," says Arthur. "Let's forget it, eh?"

Fane gasps his relief and grabs his glass with trembling hands. A narrow escape.

The writers are now keyed up, deeply suspicious of their own tongues. They fumble through the miscellaneous files of their brilliant, closely-packed minds, hunting for discarded opinions, conceits, topics—expert's rejects.

"How—?" says Timothy.

"How about—?" says Fane.

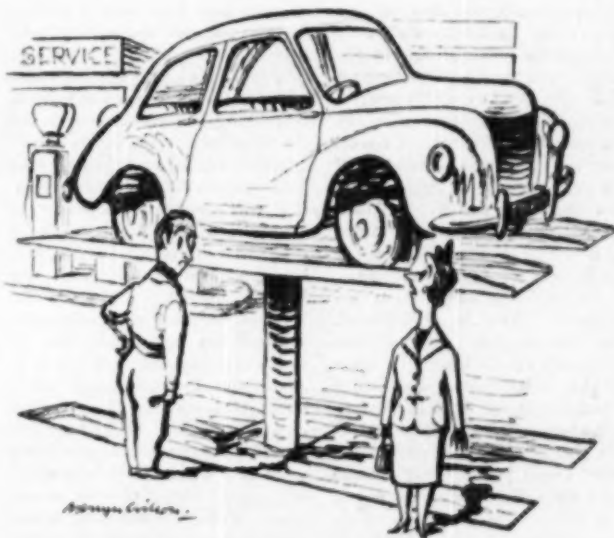
"What d'you say we—" says Hunslett.

"Isn't it about time—" says Ludwig.

"Let's have another drink," says Arthur.

They all turn to me. I blush with pleasure, collect up the glasses and return to the bar. But it's worth it, every penny of it, just to be in their company.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"Oh, dear! I'll never get it down by myself."

DEPARTURE FROM WONDERLAND

AT luncheon I sat next to the bishop. I was not worthy of the honour, but it fell to me. The bishop was jovial. He called me his dear young lady. What did he talk to me about? I will give you a thousand guesses, but if you pause and think for a minute you will not need nine hundred and ninety-nine of them: you will get it in one. The bishop talked to me about *Alice in Wonderland*.

Why did the bishop talk to me about *Alice in Wonderland*? Because everybody talks to me about *Alice in Wonderland*. People prove their common humanity with me by talking about *Alice in Wonderland*. Well, not really their awfully common humanity but their exclusive common humanity, if you see what I mean. The bishop talked to me about *Alice in Wonderland* in the same way as highbrow people tell me that they read detective stories, and businessmen confess to me that they study the women's pages, and Oxford dons allow that the advertisement columns have been known to catch their eye. It always particularly charms me when Oxford dons, bursting with whimsical satisfaction, challenge my credulity by confessing that they are one with common clay to the extent of reading the advertisement columns, because to tell the truth it does not take a very close acquaintance with the machinery of advertising to realize that quite a lot of time and money is expended in order that they should. It would damage the bloom on the Oxford don if ever he were to become aware of this, but actually it is a fact.

The truth is that I have ~~had~~ enough of *Alice in Wonderland*. More than enough. It would not worry me if I did not hear of it again this side of the grave. My trouble is that people will draw me into it. They assume that I want to be in it with them, that I am one of the happy band; just as they assume that I shall like to be called one of us or will vote for him because he is a nice fellow and was at Eton. It makes me scream. I mean about being one of the happy band, not

particularly about his being at Eton.

Alice in Wonderland is a kind of English exam, an exam not in the English language but in the English people. It represents us, and to be represented by *Alice in Wonderland* makes me scream louder than ever. If I were a foreigner I should detest the English on account of *Alice in Wonderland*. I dare say some of them do; and some of them, with the over-zealousness of converts, have succeeded in assimilating *Alice in Wonderland* as the last word in unaccountable Englishness, and reckon that they are now absolutely one hundred per cent.

As for the book itself I am not sure whether I have read it, or at least read it through, but this is not important. One gets into this position sometimes and does not know whether one has actually had an experience or only dreamed it, or whether one has read a book or merely been associated with it and heard it quoted all one's life. I have at least one virgin and unbiased impression to record about *Alice in Wonderland*, and that is that when I was about six I went to stay with a great-aunt who was a perfect hostess, and on one occasion she read to me out of *Alice in Wonderland* and I did not care for it and was extremely sorry and anxious to disguise my feelings because I hated the thought of being a bad guest.

Since then I have had no such lucid and simple thoughts about it. If it were a serious book (elected to represent the English people) I could bear it; or if it were a silly book (elected to represent the English people) I could bear it. But it is just its own unique mixture of silliness and seriousness that its lovers love in it that I detest in it. It is just that quality of whimsicality, of *non sequitur*, of Red-queenishness, of White-rabbitishness that they are all so passionately anxious to be identified with that I will not be identified with at any price. If old acquaintances, or new acquaintances, or people at parties, or people who want to make me feel at home with them would lean

across and say to me "And his mother was called Black Mumbo" there would be a bond forged, there would be wisdom, there would be, in the deep sense, wit.

But no, they quote me out of *Alice in Wonderland*, they draw me into that charmed circle, aesthetic, intellectual, snobbish, where bishops show they can be earthy, where common people show they can be highbrow, where sportsmen can be literary and literary people can be sportsmen, where the solemn give the lie to their solemnity and the silly acquire weight; they beckon me inside that golden pale where according to their particular recipe all men are brothers, where they know I am longing to dwell with them, to which they will brook no refusal, outside which it beggars their imagination to suppose anybody could wish to remain.

But they may take it from me, if they are capable, that I do.

5 5

VILLANELLE OF DEEP
SUBTLETY

WHEN people ask me what I think

Of art, of thought, of life to-day,
I look at them and slowly wink.

There is no trembling on the brink,
No sudden urge to slip away,
When people ask me what I think;

I neither stammer nor turn pink,
Nor bite my nails in strange dismay,
I look at them and slowly wink.

Torpedo me—I shall not sink.
I stand as Earth's foundations stay
When people ask me what I think

Of Henry Moore, or Mactierlinck,
Of Proust, or Coptic art's decay,
I look at them and slowly wink.

Deem me no modern Missing Link;

I always have a word to say . . .
When people ask me what I think
I look at them and slowly wink.

There is no doubt that, as a nation, we are not quite so painfully undemonstrative as we used to be . . .



. . . and nowadays, when a goal is scored at soccer, it is a real pleasure to see . . .



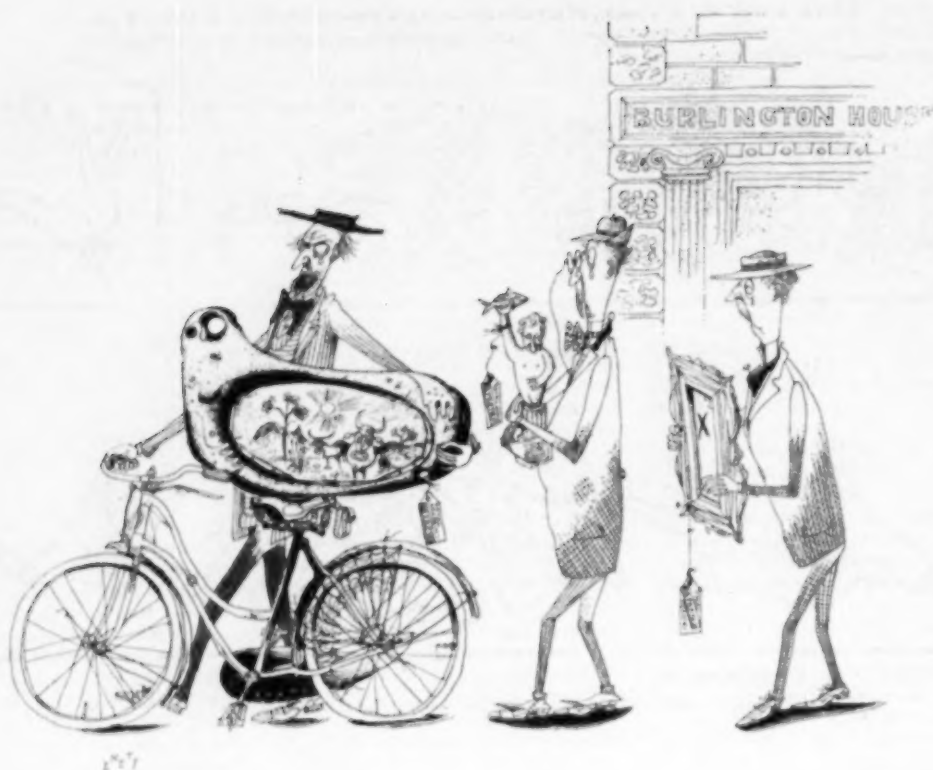
. . . the happy outburst of congratulatory romping that invariably follows . . .



. . . which makes me wonder how long we shall have to wait before the scoring of a century automatically produces . . .



. . . a similar display of gloating glee.



"... and if it didn't get in as sculpture, I thought it might have stood a pretty good chance in the water-colour room..."

CHEQUEMATE

"**MAD** Max Meiklejohn" they called him in the bank. To see him plying his shovel in the till so that the racket of coins could be heard by the policeman on the corner, vaulting the counter to hold the door open for a customer, or driving the adding machine until it smoked like an incinerator, was to know what advertisements meant when they talked of energy. Realizing that sooner or later he would break out and there would be difficult explanations with head office the manager sent for him and laid his cards on the table. "The queen is the middle one," said Max, and "Pop" Calliday tut-tutted at his irrepressibility.

A new unit of bank commandos had recently been formed to absorb the vitality of those whom balancing ledgers did not satisfy, and on the manager's suggestion Max enlisted in this. When six months later he passed out from the stricken field of his training a ward of instructors in unarmed combat moved suddenly towards convalescence, the broncos in the equitation

school lost their desire to please and barbed wire henceforward stayed barbed. Shouting "The world is my oyster" Max flung himself on the Winchester train, and a small cyclist crossing the bridge shuddered to see his leap.

All recruits had to undertake their first assignment in disguise, and it was as Minor Canon Hopplestone-Hoop that Max swaggered through the main street of the city, slashing his black stovepipe trousers with a sword-umbrella. Stationing himself in a dark entry opposite a branch of a rival bank he bided his time, relieving the monotony of this occupation by bellowing Tchaikovsky's "1812" overture. Soon a luxurious car driven by a powdered chauffeur drove up, and a portly man, whose cigar smoke made a rich haze over his fur collar and on whose fob glittered the ceremonial keys of several boroughs whose freedom he had received, emerged, carrying a valise stuffed to overflowing with bearer bonds and the post-war credits of penurious

widows. Max rose on the balls of his toes and launched himself on the customer with the cry of his old rugger club, "Rough hew them how we will." Slings him across his shoulders he sped through twisting alleys until he reached one of his own branches. Then handing him in with a curt "Special Agent Meiklejohn's compliments; please find one new depositor" he returned to the hunt. By the end of the day he had made seventeen captures from other banks, including two cashiers; but a counter attack was on the way.

As Max was crossing the cathedral precincts, for he had decided to begin domiciliary visits, a little child trustfully put her hand in his and asked him to take her home. Chivalrous to the point of dementia he could not resist the winsome plea, and followed her directions until they arrived at a row of tumbledown cottages.

"Grannie will want to thank you, Mr. Man," said the child, and led him into the most squalid.

Through the miasma he could see a figure in a mob-cap peering through spectacles at its knitting; but as soon as the door was closed behind him the knitter whipped off cap and spectacles and was revealed as the head of the Bank of England strong-arm squad. From the gloom his men advanced in a menacing circle, and two razor boys on loan from the Clearing House stropped nonchalantly and whistled with off-hand glee. Running through all he had learned on the course Max fought hard, but in vain; soon he lay trussed and downcast, enduring the jeers of his captors. He made a half-hearted attempt to bluff his way out, but as he had always cut lectures on Finesse he was at a disadvantage.

Meanwhile a reign of terror had broken out in Winchester. All the banks had their squads out, and customers were kidnapped, re-kidnapped and kidnapped again. Last to close, the Post Office Savings Bank ended the day with the best score, their liaison with the mail vans proving invaluable. A private bank dumped customers with overdrafts on its rivals, complicating the pattern of the war. Excluded from the fight Max repeatedly gnawed through his bonds, which were immediately replaced from an apparently endless coil of wire.

News of the situation soon reached the Treasury, which issued a warning that the maintenance of private armies was calculated to raise banking overheads above economic levels. Later a hurriedly convened Press conference heard a high official express the view that the transfer of customers within the internal banking system of a country involved no breach of the Bretton Woods Agreement. He added, in response to a question, that the situation was not without interest. It was the passive resistance of the public that brought hostilities to a close. Since physical safety depended on the absence of liquid assets the population hurried to turn their all into goods too large to fit in a bank safe. There was a run on bulk. Jewellers did poor business, while builders' merchants boomed. Sensing trends, the head offices quickly

arranged a truce, and Max found himself released, with the child decoy as an ally.

In a few days the commandos were disbanded. Max had done his work too well. After sick leave, prolonged at "Pop" Calliday's request to record lengths, Max returned to his old post. He was sadly subdued. Loud checks had given way to funeral hues, and the swaggering stride was replaced by a slight sagging at the knees. Drafting his next staff report "Pop" was able to say "Meiklejohn, hitherto referred to in the establishment files as 'Mad Max,' may now be considered sound." R. G. G. PRICE

BACK ROOM JOYS

Teaching Other People Manners

ANOTHER pleasure

We treasure

Is teaching other people manners.

Ostentatiously offering your seat

When no one else does; sweet, ah, sweet,

Your breeding streaming out like banners,

Holding back a door

In, say, a department store,

Not being thanked and

Saying "Thank you" in a voice like sand:

Telling somebody jumping the queue

"I think we all arrived here before you."

It's grand to be both virtuous and crushing—

And rather better if the person's blushing.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



"Most peculiar! According to your great-grandfather's chart there should be a big black X just about here."

THRUSHES AT KEW

HOW still the evening is, how distant now
 The London sound, like sea-sound in a shell.
 Those thrushes on that long and high-born bough,
 Their song that shatters, falls and seems to swell
 Towards some passage of heroic lay . . .
 Whence comes the ringing of a ghostly bell!

Thrushes, as I recall in some dim way,
 Are of the proud house of the nightingale.
 There is some touch of fire in what they say,
 A cadence falling through the broken tale.
 I wish they'd find that one lost phrase, but they . . .
 Ah! there again is that strange vesper-bell.

Oh, could I hear that soul of notes, rung down the
 evening clear and true,
 By mocking-birds of Tumbes woods, the singing soñas
 of Peru!

At Tumbes there were soñas in the algarroba trees;
 They slept in the silent passing of the tall Peruvian
 stars,
 They slept in the nights of breaking of the gates of
 treasures,
 But I like to think they sang all night when the
 fourteen broke the bars
 And a thousand doors of darkness there were turned
 by silver keys.

A captain's sword on Gallo beach had drawn a line
 that ran
 East and west in crumbling sand, but pierced the
 heart of man;
 And made that sullen crew to stand, the way each one
 would take,
 North to the sick heart's poverty, south to the rich
 heart-break;
 And fourteen chose "what best becomes a brave
 Castilian."





The soñas sang in Tumbes in the first blue breath of light.

Pizarro marched for Caxamalca, high in the golden night,

And homeward down the sunset road came misty ghosts of song—

The evening hymn to Maria—Ave! that echoed long Under the algarroba vespers, soft as soñas' flight.

The soñas sang in Tumbes, but where ardent rose-flame tips

The awful summits bruised to midnight under the Spanish whips

Pizarro marched on airy roads above the corn-green noon.

The iron hooves rang in the mountain-gates under the Inca's moon;

Two hundred leagues behind were coming, down the sea, the ships.

At Tumbes in the western light the algarroba trees Remember the gold of Pizarro, the fires of the infamies,

But spread their nets in the glowing air, for songs which reach the stars,

And fourteen sleeping somewhere remember the broken bars.

The soña-song comes softly yet, from under the centuries,

That weird lone tree is standing in a lake Of evening, and one last bird has flown.

That bell again. And so it's time to wake,

Come back to Kew, from moments of my own,

Sounding with strange bird-echo and surf-break

And wild old whispers in the undertone.

It's odd how far those brief, quick wings can take

A bowler-hat, a gamp and thirteen stone.

It's time to go. I know they're locking up,

But they are easy gates, the gates of Kew.

Who wants to go to Kensington to sup?

I've tried to catch a stray thrush-note or two

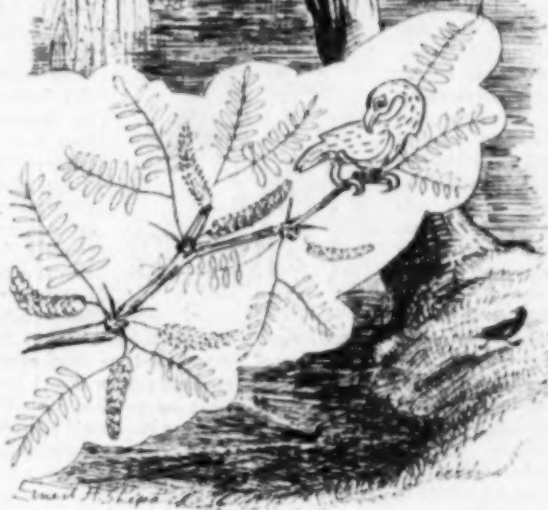
Mindful of singing of the mocking-bird

That calls its name across the vesper-blue—

Mimus longicaudatus of Peru.

They lived in brightest light I ever knew,

They made the truest noise I ever heard.



NOT THEIR FAULT

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children

WHEN we look back at the savage drawings by Leech and Cruikshank of the early Victorian slum, and see the tattered, filthy children cringing in sodden basements too foul by modern standards for an animal, we sigh with relief to think of our beautiful nursery schools and of our clean new council houses. We sigh too soon, for the slums are still with us. When we were rich we did too little about them, and now that we are poor we cannot do enough. Or can we? If Leech and Cruikshank were alive to-day they would find in London and our other big cities plenty to whet their fury. Starvation and sheer poverty have gone, and so has cheap gin. Health services and schools have improved beyond recognition. But most of us find it convenient to forget that great numbers of British families, people who are sometimes hopefully supposed to have been given an equal chance, are still living like neglected cattle.

Before you can fully grasp the great work the N.S.P.C.C. is doing for children you must see a slum for yourself; and you can't go in better company than with one of its Inspectors. Here are my notes for two visits:

(1) *Islington*. Married couple with three children under four, in two small terrible subterranean rooms, very damp. Paper peeling off walls in greasy festoons. Rats. One dim gaslight in sitting-room-kitchen. View from window communal garbage heap and blank wall. Heating and cooking by ancient range designed to send flames straight up chimney. Bare table, three hard chairs, dirty cot. Stale smell of yesterday, of the day before, of last year. Children white, tired, grimy, dull-eyed, fat with too much bread



and potatoes. Eczema. Allcoughing. Mother querulous, nearly worn out. Father a chronic chest case unable to stand heavy work. Two weeks behind with rent. *Have been down for new house for four years.* Air of dazed helplessness. (Is it fair to expect people living like this to behave normally?) Inspector received cordially. He advises man about possible work, urges mother to take children again to clinic. Says these are not bad parents, only weak and incompetent, and crushed.

(2) *Vauxhall*.

Two-room flat (one a cupboard!) at top of big block. Woman living with shady sick little man on the defensive, and three pale, bloated children. One filthy single bed, one wretched cot. Menu for supper: boiled potatoes. No money. Man admits having just given up job at five pounds a week in order to better himself. Inspector says bone-idle. Says woman well-meaning mother though feeble. He pulls no punches with the man, warning him he will be back shortly to check up on housekeeping money.

Well, those were two typical cases, which didn't happen to include the kind, rarer than it was, in which children are wilfully mal-

treated. (1) was the only married couple we met all day. Whether the parents (or one of the parents) were to blame for the children's condition, as in (2), or whether it was due to genuine hard luck, as in (1), the effect on the children was exactly the same: in both cases they were simply going to bits in a human pig-sty. N.S.P.C.C. Inspectors, asked the prime cause of all this hopelessness and muddle and immorality, say bad housing. And again, bad housing. Industrialism, over-population, the spiritual mess left behind by two wars, these are important, but bad housing is the root problem. And if you ask them about the Coal-in-the-Bath Theory, dear to social cynics who claim that decent houses are wasted on people from the slums, they tell you it sometimes takes a generation—how could it not!—to throw off completely the poisons of over-crowding, but that the children of families moved out after the First War have proved it can be done. Unfortunately the worse the stock the more freely it breeds. And the bigger the family (and therefore the more villainous its



state) the poorer are its chances of a new home, for out-size houses are few, and local authorities jib at countenancing infringement of official space provisions by moving a family to something only slightly larger. In this surely they should be less rigid.

Every year the N.S.P.C.C. deals with cases affecting about 100,000 children (as many relatively in the country, where overcrowding is appalling, as in the towns), most of which come under the heading of neglect, though some of the remaining classifications are deeply ugly.

It was first formed in 1884, and is organized with admirable simplicity. The headquarters in London works through about two hundred and seventy paid inspectors, each with his local branch and immediately responsible to its Honorary Secretary, who is often a solicitor. Most cases are dealt with on the spot, but difficult ones and those involving prosecution are referred to headquarters. This receives

is in the hands of the Director and the Executive Committee.

The Society still operates in Eire, and it and the R.S.S.P.C.C. of Scotland are the only national bodies of their kind in the British Isles. The



need for it is almost unaffected by the Children's Act of 1948, which is confined in the main to foster-children and those in institutions, who make up no more than five per cent of its cases. The aim, so far as possible, is to deal with children in their own homes, by preventive and not punitive methods. Except in the worst instances parents are given every chance before children are removed. (To find room for a child in a public institution is now as hard as to get yourself into a hospital. No more children's homes are being built, though large houses are still being converted.) On average the Society prosecutes only twice in a hundred cases. And since, tragically often, the plight of the children is the direct result of their parents' disagreement, the Inspectors go to endless trouble to patch up broken marriages.

These men, fatherly, sympathetic, extremely resourceful, are a most inspiring corps. (A few Inspectors are women, and whole-time Women Visitors are now being added.) They start on a sticky wicket, having no right of entry, and therefore can do nothing until accepted as friends. Frequently they are called on for advice in domestic matters going far beyond their basic terms of reference, and no small part of their work is keeping contact with those prepared to help, whether privately or publicly. Their warmest praise is for the police, both men and women. The



bulk of the information without which they would be helpless comes from the general public, but perhaps the most valuable is that of school teachers, who are particularly well placed to detect children's unhappiness. Early detection is all-important, and in this respect teachers might do more.

No State organization would be likely to produce the highly individual approach of these Inspectors, whose field is their own; but they work very closely with officials such as Education, Probation and Children's officers, and Health Visitors.

The whole picture, with its background of slum apathy, cannot but be desperately depressing, but in the selfless, unsentimental and eminently practical labours of the N.S.P.C.C. there is at least great encouragement.

ERIC KEOWN

detailed reports, makes policy, and administers finance (two out of three branches are self-supporting, and the whole movement is annually short by about £60,000. There is no grant from the Exchequer. 40,000 voluntary workers help to raise money, and the Society's junior partner, The League of Pity, is also active in collection.) All Branches are represented on the National Council, and planning



SPECIFICATION...



"... to be observed by Mr. Potts in the external decoration and embellishment of No. 43 Excelsior Avenue, to the complete satisfaction of Ernest and Lucilla Blimpton, hereinafter called *The Landlords* (outstanding instalments notwithstanding), also Mother who will be down at Whitsun.

"*Preamble.* Mr. Potts shall provide all labour, materials, plant, ladders, those trestle affairs and what not, necessary for the performance of this contract in a thorough and workmanlike manner. No bucket, paint-pot, or the like shall be deposited at the foot of the rockery steps, or at any point over which members of the household or bona-fide visitors thereto (e.g., Great Aunt Hannah) normally enjoy a right of way. No ladder shall be suffered to rest in or upon any herbaceous border, marrow heap or other land under cultivation.

"*The heirs at law* of the said Ernest and Lucilla Blimpton shall not be encouraged, by example or otherwise, to wipe brushes upon any portion of their persons or apparel. No putty is to be left unattended, and any jerseys, frocks, etc. damaged as a consequence of the work shall be made good. Should the painter Alfred be again employed, he shall at all times refrain from expressing himself in too thorough and workmanlike a manner.

"*Hot water* will be vouchsafed by the Landlords in just and reasonable quantities, PROVIDED ALWAYS that the same be not required or demanded when Cook shall be in ignorance of which way to turn. Should Cook, through neglect of

this or any other stipulation herein contained, GIVE NOTICE, Mr. Potts shall place himself without reserve at the head of negotiations for reinstatement.

"*All paint used* is to be in genuine fast 1950 shades selected by the Landlords. Any proposal to utilize the surplus magenta from the Vicarage will not be entertained.

"*The items to be painted* shall include everything which is or should have been set forth in the schedule hereunto attached, including the ornamental spikes on the corners. The wireless aerial shall be disengaged from its accidental contact with the top of the monkey-puzzle, the Landlords agreeing to indemnify Mr. Potts (if he still insists) against electrocution in any form. All cracked window-glass is to be renewed, whether Mr. Potts' fault or not. A fresh cord shall be fitted to the large sash known as 'La Guillotine,' to be indicated by the window-cleaner.

"*Time limit.* The whole of the work shall be completed within one week of the commencement, wet days excepted. The expression 'wet day' shall not be extended to mean a day on which Mr. Potts has secured lucrative work elsewhere. No tapping or scraping noises, or crooning, shall commence before 8.0 A.M. on any day. The painter Walt shall be provided at the contractor's expense with an effective pair of carpet slippers, for use when walking through the kitchen.

"*Conclusion.* All discarded head-gear and bottles are to be removed from the front lawn, and everything left SCRUPULOUS."



THE VISITOR

"WITH all these bandits about," said the bulky woman severely, "you really ought not to go out and leave the front door open. You don't know who might walk in."

She settled herself more comfortably in my best arm-chair.

"I had only popped out to post a letter," I apologized.

"As it happens," she said reflectively, "perhaps it is just as well you *did* leave the front door open, because I have dozens and dozens of flats to look over, and I absolutely must catch the 4.15 back to London, and so naturally I can spare about only five minutes for each. As there seemed to be nobody at home here I took the liberty of just peeping into the various rooms. To be perfectly frank I don't think the flat will suit us at all. To begin with, the bath is too small. My husband is six feet four in his socks, and I made it quite clear to the estate agent that a big bath was essential."

I dallied with the idea of suggesting that if he took his socks off when he bathed it would make him a shade shorter, but before I could get a word in she had swept on.

"The best bedroom is not bad," she admitted, "although I don't at all like the position of the light over the bed. I suffer dreadfully from insomnia, like so many highly-strung artistic people, and I often sit up and read practically all night, propped against the pillows. Of course I suppose the position of the light could be altered if we took the flat for a longish period!"

"Really——" I began.

"Not that I think my husband would agree for a moment to pay the six guineas a week that you are asking. At least half a dozen of the flats I have been offered at five guineas or five and a half guineas have been more attractive. What worries me most of all is the spare bedroom."

"There is no reason at all why it should worry you," I said, "because——"

"I told the estate agent that we simply *must* have a good second



"Right. Now let's see 'is ruddy mechanical caddy find that one for 'im . . ."

bedroom, because my husband will want to invite his business friends down for week-ends, and a poky little room like that with no running water would create a very poor impression. And then there is the kitchenette. I haven't seen such an old-fashioned sink for years, and I shouldn't feel at all happy with that very antique-looking geyser. I just turned the tap to try it and it made a most alarming pop."

"It only pops like that when you turn on the water too fast," I explained, "but as a matter of fact——"

"And then, again, you are much farther from the sea than my husband would like——"

I felt that it was my turn to interrupt.

"If we wanted to let the flat," I said, "it would be a pleasure to have it moved a few hundred yards closer to the sea and to have a longer bath fixed and hot and cold water laid on in the spare bedroom, and any other trifles you might require, but we do not want to let the flat. There is a flat to let at Bramfield Court, but this happens to be Bramfield Rise."

"Then I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself," she said, "for wasting my valuable time. And it's so disappointing, because this is *exactly* the sort of flat I have been looking for all day. . . ."

D. H. BARBER

AT THE PLAY

The Green Bay Tree (PLAYHOUSE)
The Gentle People
 (EMBASSY)

THIS man's wicked!" cried the evangelist in *The Green Bay Tree* just before shooting the exquisite Mr. Dulcimer; and the difference between this revival and the original is that whereas Frank Vosper made Mr. Dulcimer a formidable and sinister figure, Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS shows him as no more than a supremely selfish hedonist who only exhibits real wickedness towards the end, when he admits that he adopted the choirboy, whom he has turned into a more useless edition of himself, as a perfectly cold-blooded insurance against the withering of his own ego. The tang of perversion is thus removed, but the character of Mr. Dulcimer seems to me less interesting. He is now a beautifully polished mouthpiece for heartless wit rather than a person to make one shudder—a pathetic creature in an ivory tower of too-conscious culture. Mr. WILLIAMS is youthful for the part, but along these new lines he is admirably consistent, as a cool and elegant escapist.

MORDAUNT SHARP's play remains good, and the sardonic shaping of the end triumphant. Where it dates most is in the futility of the



High Society
Julian—MR. JACK WATLING; *Leonora Yale*—MISS
 BRENDA BRUCE; *Mr. Dulcimer*—MR. HUGH
 WILLIAMS



Low Life

The Gentle People

Philip Anagnos—MR. ALFIE BASS; *Jonah Goodman*—MR. MEIER TZELNIKER
Harold Goff—MR. ROBERT AYRES; *Stella Goodman*—MISS HILDA SIMMS

boy, for to our coarsened senses young men who pale at the idea of earning their living strike only comically. Mr. ANTHONY PELISIER's production is neat, though I felt the main set did small justice to Mr. Dulcimer's celebrated taste. Miss BRENDA BRUCE, who goes from strength to strength, gives an excellent account of the sensible girl who tries, and fails, to rescue Julian, whom Mr. JACK WATLING takes sensitively but, in my view, too spinelessly—Mr. WILLIAMS put greater stiffening into the part when he played it in the original production, and to-day this would make the piece more credible. Mr. HENRY HEWITT, as a butler almost more precious than his master, is marvellous—a word Mr. Dulcimer hated—and Mr. WALTER FITZGERALD powerfully sketches the old revivalist who sold his son when, in Parson Woodforde's golden phrase, much disguised in liquor.

Another revival, IRWIN SHAW's *The Gentle People*, is on the whole charming. A quiet play from America about two little men bullied by a gangster, it has poetic implications

going beyond its modest limits in a way reminiscent of Steinbeck and Robert Nathan. Battered by life, its heroes can still forget everything, fishing from their boat in the evening; the gangster robs them of this sole pleasure, and so they hit him on the head. They are an endearing couple, between them expressing the feelings of all those who no longer look for luck or justice. The scenes between Goodman and his daughter are deeply touching, and there is a funny adventure in a steam-bath where a bankrupt financier, memorably taken by Mr. ARTHUR REYNOLDS, erupts dismally. The weakness of Mr. ROBERT MITCHELL's production is that farce creeps in at the wrong moments, as happens with people fishing on the stage (influence of the Harry Tate school!). But Mr. MEIER TZELNIKER and Mr. ALFIE BASS are true in the chief duet, and Miss HILDA SIMMS, Mr. ROBERT AYRES and Mr. ALAN TILVERN back them up well.

Recommended

Good new stuff is still short. Fry's *Venus Observed* at the St. James's comes high, Lonsdale's *The Way Things Go* at the Phoenix has one notable scene, and to *Treasure Hunt* at the Apollo you can confidently take your young.

ERIC KEOWN

THE NEW CONDUCTOR

THE new conductor's newness shouted from the bright red stripe down his trousers and the way his buttons shone. "Station, please," said the man in the corner, and fumbled vainly in his pocket for the money. The new conductor waited expectantly for the coppers produced to give him a clue to the fare.

The man gave him a half-crown. "Sorry I've got nothing smaller," he said.

The new conductor looked at it, defeated, then ponderously consulted the table of fares on the wall.

"Tuppence ha'penny," the man prompted him, somewhat impatiently.

The new conductor took a header into the pouch at his side. He brought out a handful of coppers. "Three," he said, counting them out with care, then, piling Pelion on Ossa, "four, five, six." Still dripping from the copper pocket, he dived into the silver one. "One," he declared; then, triumphantly, "two." The transaction was completed. He eased his collar away from his neck, and pressed his pouch and punch away from the front of him, where they were congregated, round to the back.

The old conductor fussed over him like a hen with her chick. He embarked him on an exercise. "Fill your bill up, Jack."

The new conductor rummaged obediently in the cubby hole under the stairs, and took a clip of papers off the shelf. He held it in his hand and looked at it narrowly and suspiciously. Then, with equal care, he examined his sheaf of tickets. He seemed to be seeking some sort of correspondence between the two. He put the tickets up to his eye and looked along them as if they were a telescope. Then he scrutinized them again, and seemed to find what he was looking for. He brought a pencil out of his pocket and started writing on the papers. The old conductor seemed to come to the conclusion that the necessities of tuition might now be regarded as satisfied. "All right, Jack," he interrupted him. "I'll finish it."

The new conductor, relieved of the responsibility, put the clip of papers gratefully back on the shelf.

The old conductor seemed temporarily to lose faith in him. The bus pulled up to a stop, and the new conductor made to ring the bell. The old conductor restrained him. "All right, Jack," he told him. "I'll do that." He rang the bell officiously and rattled away upstairs.

The new conductor stood self-consciously on the platform. A man who had just got on offered him his fare. The new conductor seemed embarrassed. "No, he'll take it, upstairs," he explained.

The man did not seem to understand. He said "Eh?"

"Upstairs," the new conductor repeated earnestly. "I'm in trainin'," he mentioned. Then he added, in further explanation, "Learnin' the runs."

"You say you're new, or he is?" asked the man.

The new conductor blushed with pleasure. "I am," he answered, deprecatingly.

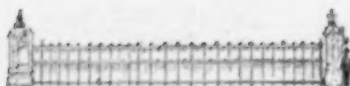
"Oh." The man seemed to have the situation in his grasp.

Opposing tides of passengers swept on and off. The old conductor directed them from the platform. The new conductor folded himself up and stowed himself away like a suitcase in the cubby hole under the stairs.

The bus slowed down to round the corner into the station yard. The old conductor jumped prematurely off, and went running into a café, his back expressing an urge to drink tea. The new conductor was in charge. "All right, all right," he warned some children who were rushing to get on before the platform was cleared. They waited obediently, with their hands on the rail. The new conductor enjoyed his minute of power. Then, with a backward glance at the children clambering excitedly up the stairs, with his hand on the top of his head to hold his cap on, and his pouch and punch slapping up and down on his sides, he went racing across to the café to join the other conductor for tea.



"In the book they fall madly, passionately in love."



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Tuesday, April 18th

When Parliament reassembled to-day, after the Easter recess, everybody was looking for one Member of the

House of Commons. And curiously enough—this being Budget Day—it was not the Chancellor of the Exchequer who was sought but Mr. STANLEY EVANS, who, when the recess began, was Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food.

But during the recess he had made some adverse comments on the "feather-bedding" of our farmers and on the use they made of Government subsidies. Exception being taken to these comments, Mr. EVANS was sent for by the Prime Minister and the upshot of a comparatively short interview was that the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food handed in his resignation. And so—after forty-six days in office—Mr. EVANS retired to the supporting benches. Many expected him to make a "personal statement" to-day, but he was not present. So the House turned its attention to the Budget speech, and waited without excitement for the arrival of Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS.

Carrying the battered red dispatch-box in which Budget statements have been carried since the days of Mr. Gladstone—and a Gladstonian income tax—Sir STAFFORD arrived at 3.29, one minute before the end of Question-time.

A small tumbler of orange juice was placed on the table, and promptly at 3.32 Sir STAFFORD rose and began. The first hour was devoted to a minute review of the economic situation, which was listened to in complete silence. At the end of that period the Chancellor announced that he had reached the Budget, and Members sat forward eagerly, fluttering blue and white papers which gave the House the appearance of a giant headache-powder.

Then a puzzled expression stole over the faces of Members on both

sides, for every time he seemed to be on the edge of an announcement about taxes Sir STAFFORD went off at a tangent and kept the House in suspense. It was, on the whole, a not unhappy story he had to tell, and certainly a story of wonderful effort on the part of the workers, with hand and brain, and the tax-payers all over the country.

Members craned to see whether Mr. EVANS was present when the Chancellor spoke of "agriculture being such a vitally important



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Lord Reading

factor in our economy," and they gave a cheer which might have been heard wherever the absent ex-Minister happened to be.

His Majesty's Opposition was alert for political allusions—or for any remark that could by ingenuity be interpreted as such. When, for instance, the Minister remarked that "we are in a less inflationary condition than we were last year" it was given a big hand as a supposed reference to the general election result. Sir STAFFORD retorted with a reference to an "orgy" of irresponsible promises that had been indulged in by persons unknown, which got him an equally generous round of applause from his own side.

At 5.15 he announced that there was no scope for major tax remissions, and many lost both hope and interest. He then proceeded to list some minor concessions in income

tax, the doubling of the petrol tax (with a little extra juice for the private motorist by way of compensation), beer stronger by three degrees (bringing it to half the strength of pre-war days) and the freeing of war memorials from purchase tax.

At 5.29 he promised a "more substantial item," which turned out to be a tax of thirty-three and one-third on light commercial vehicles. This produced an angry roar from the Opposition, so he announced that the more expensive luxury cars were to have their tax cut from two-thirds to one-third of the purchase price. As his own equalitarian supporters prepared to shout protests he hastened to add that this was to prevent the skill of the makers of these cars being lost for want of a market.

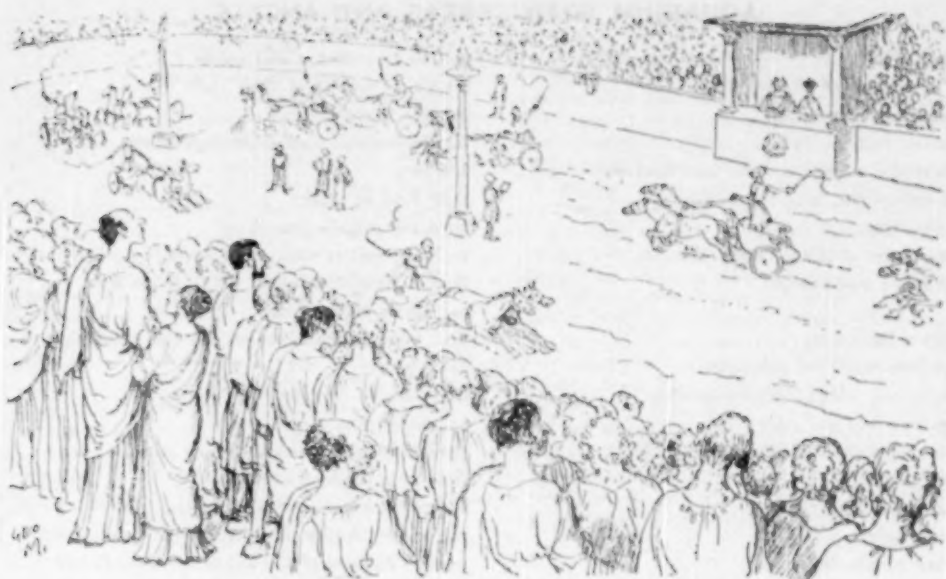
And that, except for a rather long peroration, was all. At 5.52 the speech was over, and Mr. ANTHONY EDEN was up, making some swift comments on the Budget plans, as tradition demands. He first offered his congratulations to the Chancellor on the lucidity of his speech, and then said he would defer detailed criticism to a later discussion. Soon afterwards the House adjourned.

Their Lordships discussed a Bill to alter the powers of the General Medical Council over the discipline of doctors and to make improvements in the training of young medics. Most of their Lordships, however, were squeezed into the galleries of the House of Commons, where, under Professor CRIPPS, a little matter of financial discipline claimed their attention.

Wednesday, April 19th

Mr. R. A. BUTLER, the Opposition's chief financial expert, opened the general debate on the Budget, complaining that it was the product of a man who did not care to look far ahead. He added, with

House of Lords:
Eton v. The Army
House of Commons:
More on the Budget



"Never mind the chariots—what's Poppa's wearing?"

a poetic touch that seemed to surprise the Chancellor, that it was a thing of shreds and patches, a dreamy lullaby—and that at a time when broad and wise economic statesmanship was essential.

The debate then drifted off into a detailed criticism, in which several Government supporters (ignoring the stern glances of the Whips) joined. The increase in the petrol tax and the small nature of the income tax concessions were the chief subjects for complaint.

The House hailed with delight the first appearance as Colonial Under-Secretary of Mr. T. FOTHERINGHAM COOK, who was so sparing with his syllables (a refreshing thing among junior Ministers) that he even referred to "hon. and right hon. Members" until Mr. MORRISON suggested *sotto voce* that the more formal "honourable and right honourable" was preferable. But he stuck to his guns, and his reply to one long question was: "The latter!"—a degree of terseness that

disconcerted the questioner more than somewhat.

LORD BRIDGEMAN was asking in Another Place that the Army should be made more attractive as a profession, and he had strong support from Lord MANCROFT and others, who held that the defence of the country was as important a task as any man could undertake.

They had unexpected support, too, from Lord CALVERLEY, who proudly announces in the reference books that he was educated at a Bradford elementary school. That noble Lord said firmly that the beds at Eton were harder than those given to young National Service men, a statement that was cheered by Lord BRIDGEMAN and other Old Etonians present, with the smiling agreement of Old Wykehamist Lord MANCROFT.

The Government promised to do what it could to make the Army more attractive, and undertook to make more public appointments available to ex-Service men.

Thursday, April 20th

MR. SHINWELL, as Minister of Defence, made a statement on Western Union defence in which the word "infrastructure" figured. As it was uttered Mr. CHURCHILL emitted a loud "Oh, lor'!" which made everybody but the Minister laugh.

Then, at the end of the statement, Mr. C. reserved judgment on the word and asked for time to consult a dictionary. Mr. EMERY HUGHES, on the Government side, was less kind. He asked for a "translation" of the Minister's statement. Mr. S. was *not* amused.

"The contract for the importation of coal into Somalia has been adjudicated to the Hon. Pierino Bottoni."

"New Times and Ethiopia News"

Signor Bottoni should now turn his attention to the coal shortage in Newcastle.

AQUARIUM WITH ZEBRAS AND ANGELS

BETWEEN
translucent tropical light,
glass-clear, wave-green
and—
where the miniature rocks cast shadows—
an underwater, still, mysterious
sea-twilight,
the colours of this artificial
yet living world range.

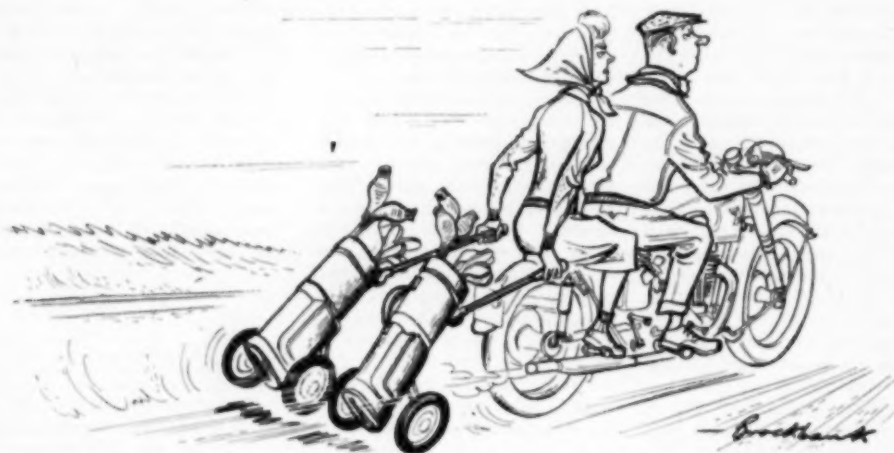
Within its strange
molecule-magnified, sub-aqueous,
abstracted, isolated microscope-slide
universe dart and glide
the zebras, horizontally-striped in black
and gold;
and somewhere are
two angels:
fishes minute, triangular,
exquisite.

This world is safely walled in glass.
Zebras and angels pass
indifferently the rod of the thermostat
whereby they live, but do not know they live;

nor, as they flicker and quiver
from side to side of their tank,
imagine that
I have designed and made their world,
and give
their food to them;
have taken flints picked up
in Kent, and pebbles small as barley grains
from a Hampshire brook for their sea-floor,
and water-snails to cup
with their monopod suckers the thin glass walls,
and plants
that breathe in water, as they do,
and have given
their artifice water-world clear searching light
from its artificial heaven.
I gaze in trance at this soundless, beautiful world:
the spider-silk delicate fronds of the water-plants
move. The fins of the angels are filmy-furled
and unfurled as they stream
into and out of the shadows,
spell-like as the thread of a dream.

Their world, the world I have made, who live in time,
has power to take me into timelessness.

R. C. SCRIVEN



BOOKING OFFICE

About America



Y American Journal is the diary of M. Andre Maurois for 1946, and covers several months spent teaching at Kansas City University, his return to France after six years abroad, and a lecture tour in Switzerland. It is a pity it was not published sooner in this country, for some of the political interest has already evaporated, but as a commentary on national differences much of it is still illuminating.

He fell in love with the beauty of Kansas City, finding there no more Babbitts than he had met in New York, and a far greater tranquility. What impressed him chiefly in the university was the ripe intelligence of undergraduates back from the war, who were deeply conscious of America's new responsibilities in the world, and who all told him that their battle experience was the most effective education they had had; as one put it, "it was contact with harsh reality that showed me the difference between a fine novel like 'War and Peace' and the stupidity of some old propaganda leaflet." So many of the men were married that the authorities were asked indignantly: "How does it happen that there's no children's playground in this university?"

By the mediocrity of Hollywood M. Maurois was shocked. It seemed to him astonishing that facts should be distorted to conform to a rigid code of official ethics. When he protested to a producer about the historical absurdity of a film supposed to tell the story of Chopin and George Sand, asking why her children were not shown, he received the momentous reply: "Out of the question on the screen, M. Maurois. An adulterous woman is unworthy of being a mother." He came to the conclusion that Hollywood conventions were incompatible with a faithful reflection of modern life, and that a great deal of talent was wasted in biographies made silly by inaccuracy and the mania for happy endings, and in adaptations wrecked by the clumsy machinery of the censor. He is not the first to believe that Hollywood is strangling itself with infantile restrictions that in no way mirror the very real intellectual activity of America.

On the shaping of public opinion he felt that the big magazines had more influence than the daily papers, which had no national character. "The town-meeting tradition still exists, but it has been enlarged to take in the whole country. The moment America is agitated by an important issue, she becomes one gigantic town-meeting . . . The art of governing this country consists in provoking, or simply using, brief flashes of national emotion."

Back in Paris he was encouraged to find that the leisurely and civilized processes of the Académie were unchanged. When he left it in 1939 work on the new dictionary had reached, suitably enough, the word *agresseur*; he returned to take part in the discussions on *ardeur*. France was still herself.

The short story with which the book is filled out

is not memorable, nor are the aphorisms that occasionally creep up, but the diary, wandering pleasantly, is marked by good and sympathetic observations. It lacks, however, the durable quality of the *Journals* of Arnold Bennett, to which one critic, quoted on the flyleaf, has rashly compared it.

Mr. Truman Capote's first novel, "Other Voices, Other Rooms," a crazily atmospheric fantasy in a Southern swamp, was one of the most promising works of fiction from America since the war. Now, in *A Tree of Night*, we have eight of his short stories to confirm the impression that he is a writer of unusual imaginative gifts. The strength of these tales lies in the way they lead us into a grotesque country of the mind by unexpected routes. Out of rarely factual descriptions there flower suddenly visions that are charged with the twisted double-truth of a dream. The dialogue is brilliant. Mr. Capote can pin down a character in a single pungent sentence. A connoisseur of abnormality, he is especially at home with highly-strung specimens of age-old childhood, and he does it all without a suspicion of whimsy.

ERIC KROWN

Sick Europe

A century ago Turkey was "the Sick Man of Europe." Europe is now upon the sick-bed, and it remains to be seen whether or not her illness will prove mortal. Professor L. B. Namier calls his sombre picture of *Europe in Decay, 1936-1940*, "a study in disintegration." For Europe was then breaking up morally no less than politically, as is proved by the "memoirs born of defeat" written



"Listen, George, they are playing our tune."

by Flandin, Reynaud, Bonnet and others, that with pre-war diplomatic documents furnish the materials for Professor Namier's masterly studies of the defeatism, levity, moral cowardice and human debasement that brought about what Mr. Churchill has called "The Unnecessary War." How "unnecessary" from Germany's remilitarization of the Rhineland up to Munich Professor Namier clearly reveals; he also reveals that failure to avert a conflict was always due to the same cause (especially in France)—"a paralysis of will which it is difficult to explain in terms of reason." A monitory book for the present time of great decisions.

I. F. D. M.

Per Mare Per Terram

Walcheren will rank with Zeebrugge, says Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart in *The Marines Were There*, among the highest achievements of the Corps. Hardly less notable was their part in the fighting on the Normandy beaches, in the jungles of Burma, in the affair at Lake Comnachio; in fact in nearly all the toughest long-odds encounters of the war. Their naval activities ranged from helping to man the guns of the *Duke of York* sinking the *Scharnhorst* in the Arctic to raiding the Gironde estuary in two-man cockles. They were among the first ashore in Sicily and the last away from Crete. The speciality of the Marines is quick and lively improvisation in new or desperate circumstances, and they have made it their business in justification of their proud motto to master all that the Army knows, all that the Navy knows and a bit more besides. This straightforward narrative provides chapter and verse for all their outspoken admirers.

C. C. F.



WIERKE

"Shall I take over, dear?"

Problem Packet

The short story of detection puts plot in the central place it used to have in the detective novel. The problem and its solution are so close together that there is no chance of hiding weak construction by amusing dialogue or irrelevant scholarship. *The Queen's Awards: Third Series* contains the sixteen winning entries in the annual competition sponsored by Mr. Ellery Queen's American detective story magazine, and the odd editorial comments, which are one of the most attractive features of these volumes, are well up to standard. One or two items deal with crime rather than detection, but that makes a pleasant change. The general level is high in ingenuity, variety and narrative; it is one of the best collections of new detective stories I have seen. Mr. Jack Moffitt's ending for Frank Stockton's "The Lady and the Tiger," Mr. Robert Arthur's Sherlockian "The Adventure of the Single Footprint" and Mr. Clayton Rawson's sealed-room mystery are particularly bright ideas.

R. G. G. P.

Mr. Hugh's Girl

A family of country gentfolk in the act of becoming as frustrated as its worst ill-wishers could desire is the slightly nightmarish theme of *Whatever the Heart Appoints*. Try as they may, the Cornells cannot thrive in poisoned soil with loosened roots. The younger son is not yet back from his prison-camp. The elder is about to turn the estate into a nursery-garden. One aunt, with beaver-like aloofness, takes to embroidery. One revenges her social injuries on her husband. In the midst of them, and more aware of their psychological reactions than seems likely in an eleven-year-old, is Candy, daughter of the absent Hugh. That Mrs. Katherine Dunning can solidify her characters is evident from her portrait of the terrible Hoppers, a village family of high fecundity and low resourcefulness, probably thrown in as a warning of the sort of pottage for which we are selling our Cornell birthright—but a grateful interlude, all the same.

H. P. E.

Books Reviewed Above

- My American Journal*. André Maurois. (Falcon Press, 12/6).
A Tree of Night. Truman Capote. (Heinemann, 8/6).
Europe in Decay. L. B. Namier. (Macmillan, 16/-).
The Queen's Awards: Third Series. Selected by Ellery Queen. (Gollancz, 10/6).
The Marines Were There. Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart. (Putnam, 12/6).
Whatever the Heart Appoints. Katherine Dunning. (Heinemann, 10/6).

Other Recommended Books

- The Princess de Clèves*. Madame de Lafayette. Translated by Nancy Mitford. (Euphonia Books, 12/6). A famous little masterpiece, at once the quintessence of courtly refinement and the first of psychological novels, in a rendering which preserves to admiration the lucidity and grace of the original.
Cinderella Goes to the Morgue. Nancy Spain. (Hutchinson, 9/6). Frolicsome murders in provincial pantomime company. Miriam and Nataasha again ravel and unravel a plot whose improbabilities fit the lighthearted improbability of the setting. Lively, entertaining and an admirable waste of time.

THE BUBBLE REPUTATION

THE lips of the man in the railway carriage were maintained slightly open, in a continuous condition of being about to be pouted. Every now and again he would purse them, considering judgment, which he would then deliver.

"Understand the thing at the Hippodrome's very good this week," he informed the other man, weighing the words in the statement with care. He pouted, then qualified the recommendation. "Wasn't awfully happy last time I saw Richard Oliver, though. Whimsical, precious sort of a thing he was in, you know. He was sort of an imaginary"—he hesitated a minute, seeking the *mot juste*—"voluptuary."

The other man nodded in apparent understanding.

The first man crowned his feat of self expression. "Going off the rails a bit, you know."

The other man looked slightly shocked, then accepted the statement reluctantly into his consciousness.

The first man went on with his dramatic appreciation. "Had an awfully good woman with him supposed to be his wife. H'm." He searched round vainly for her name. "Used to be a big star." He pursed his lips, but the action brought no enlightenment. He started off on another tack. "One of those imaginary sort of whimsical comedies it was," he explained.

The other man indulged in a second nod. They were returning into regions now where he felt more comfortably at home.

The first man made another change of course. "There's something about him, though," he mused. "It's difficult to say precisely what it is." He made the concession of inviting the other man's co-operation. "But, well, I expect you know what I mean."

He waited a minute expectantly, but the other man seemed unable to adjust himself to the new and more active rôle thus thrust upon him. The first man went on without him, casting carefully round for words. "He can't be—he can't be—really



"Bates will have to go, I fear—I heard her playing the musical jug on Sunday afternoon."

EFFEMINATE, if you know what I mean." The word spread concentric circles around itself in the atmosphere, and they sat together considering them, surprised and slightly aghast.

The first man seemed to be oppressed with a suspicion that he had been misled into over-expressing himself. "Do you see what I mean?" he added, apologetically.

The other man remained silent, evidently taking the view that these were depths into which it would be advisable not to venture.

The first man summed the discussion up. "No, it wasn't his part," he announced. He contemplated the other man, in deepening doubt. "And then," he added, as one from whom an unpalatable

truth is being wrung, "there always is something about him, isn't there?"

The other man seemed to come to the conclusion that this was a proposition to which he could indicate assent. The primeval ooze stirred sluggishly within him, and the monster in the depths rumbled glutinously. "I quite agree."

The first man, encouraged, seemed to decide that the theme could be further developed. "I don't know what it is," he said, "but . . ." His thoughts ranged out of the reach of his words. Then suddenly the conclusion seemed to submit itself into their grasp. He pursed his lips with inordinate, and indeed unnecessary, determination. He said "Well, anyway, you won't be seeing me at the Hippodrome this week."

SMART MINISTRY WANTED

THE question of the citizen as eyesore, or how unornamental the individual may be allowed to render himself before the community takes action in its own defence, has never been gone into to any serious extent, and I am pleased to see that a move is apparently being made in that direction. "Police said he was stopped in the street," remarked my evening paper, reporting a recent police court case, "because he looked a peculiar shape." Fined £15. Next case.

Those of my readers who are a peculiar shape (and what reader is not?) need not be alarmed at present, however. Unless they happen to have two legs of lamb hanging down the inside of their trousers, as this man proved to have, the probability is that they will be let off with a caution, or at the most bound over to keep the peace. At the moment, it appears, the prosecution will have little luck unless they can prove deliberate aesthetic provocation of this kind. A man cannot help his face, as my friends are always patting me on the back and telling me, and in the present state of the law we are safe enough so long as we do our best.

That still leaves a fairly wide field for the community to work in, however, for it is undeniable that many of our fellow-citizens are doing not their best but their worst in this matter. There are more ways of spoiling our natural good looks than by stuffing our suitings with best home-killed, and if the law is going to take exception to legs of lamb in the trousers it is difficult to see why we should all knuckle under to the wearing of surplus Army typewriter covers, neckties showing hand-painted views of the Bikini explosion, headscarves printed with crossword puzzles, and a thousand other manifestations of selfishness and lack of group feeling that everywhere disfigure the post-war scene.

The remedy is clear. It is all very well to decry regimentation, but what is the use of having town and country planning if, when we have planned them, the town and country remain full of unplanned people who completely spoil the effect? The idea that a man should have to apply for development permission before adding more than so many inches to his overall girth, or that he should be under a duty to serve notice on the local planning authority of his intention to grow a moustache of more than a specified width and droop, may seem fanciful at this stage, but that is what is wanted. There is no logical reason whatever why a community that insists on Green Belts should not insist also on Purple Braces, or anything else it fancies.

In making these proposals I

should like to point out that there will be little necessity for the Ministry I am suggesting to go to a lot of trouble drafting rules and orders and so on, for a great deal of the machinery necessary for control is already in existence and functioning well, though, of course, informally. For instance, the public local inquiry which is such a prominent feature of town and country planning is paralleled almost exactly in our village by the very well attended meetings which take place as soon as possible after the purchase of, say, a new hat or spring outfit by the wife of any resident. Though loosely organized and even mobile (the venue sometimes changes from the butcher's queue to that of the greengrocer with bewildering rapidity) these meetings have introduced novelties of procedure which the Minister of Town and Country Planning might do well to emulate in his analogous sphere. No remote and incalculable Central Land Board is found necessary to determine the development charge; the ladies themselves assess all charges then and there at the meeting, and very good guesses they sometimes make. Sometimes they even go into the question of how the husbands of the parties concerned actually acquired the money to pay the charge; it may be said that nothing is too much trouble for them.

However, I will not attempt to go any farther here in teaching this future Ministry its business. What I am concerned to see is that we do indeed get a Ministry, and to that end I have tried to show that when the courts begin to probe into the carriage of legs of lamb in trousers they are merely scratching the surface of a great problem.



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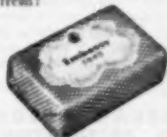
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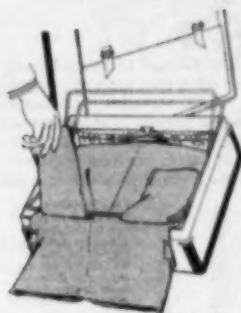
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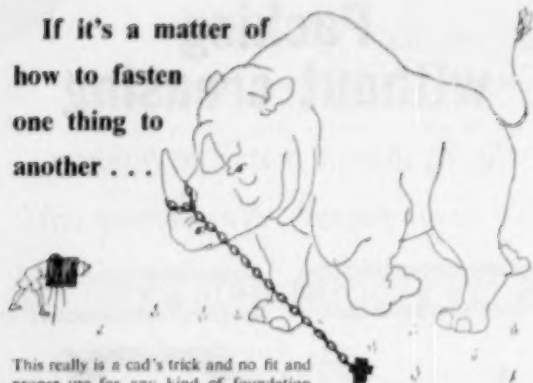
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REVELATION WARDROBE SUITCASE

REVELATION SUITCASE CO. LTD., 176 PICCADILLY, LONDON. Agents for Revolution Suitcase Ltd.

If it's a matter of
how to fasten
one thing to
another . . .



This really is a cad's trick and no fit and proper use for any kind of foundation bolt. But Machine Tools, Lift Guide Rails, Wall Brackets, Stationary Engines, Petrol Pumps, Cinema Seats and lots of other things must be securely fastened for the good of everybody concerned. Works Managers, Maintenance Engineers and others who are on the horns of a dilemma as to how to make secure fastenings to concrete or masonry, should use the new G.K.N. Indented Foundation Bolt which is easy to handle, free from projections, and with a holding power as strong as the material in which it is set.

the **GKN** indented
foundation bolt

GURST KERN & NUTTLESHOLD (MIDLANDS) LTD.,

Bolt and Nut Division, Atlas Works, Darlington, S. Staffs

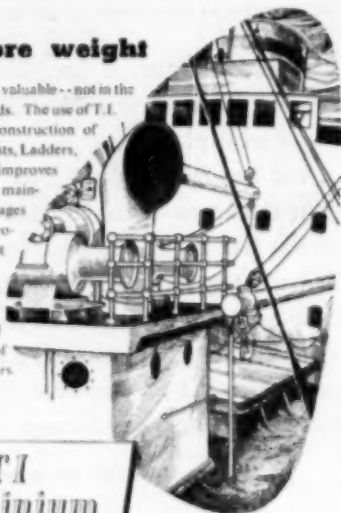
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The illustrations show why the bolts cannot turn or pull out. Using the right size for the job, just make a hole slightly larger than the overall diameter, insert to the required depth and fill up with cement or lead.



It carries more weight

Weight, that is, where it's most valuable - not in the Superstructure but in the Holds. The use of T.I. Aluminium Alloys in the construction of Superstructures, Funnels, Masts, Ladders, Handrails etc., saves weight, improves stability in a seaway, reduces maintenance and has other advantages specific to a strong, light, corrosion-resistant metal. Light alloys, of course, are readily fabricated by normal shipyard procedures. The services of our Scientific and Technical Staffs are at the disposal of shipowners and shipbuilders.



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"Service" as understood in industry has lost a lot of its old meaning—but the Brady service is still exceptional, and as famous as the Brady Shutter. The roller shutter is not a new invention but, in the Brady Roller Shutter, there is a lot that is new—new patents, new materials, new finish—which have greatly extended their usefulness. In factories, offices, hotels, houses, on commercial vehicles and aeroplanes, we can show how a Brady Shutter helps the job along, as efficiently as Brady hand and power operated lifts.



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"I had three apples, one pear and a wooden wheelbarrow. My mother gave me three half-pence and some good advice. What does it all add up to?"

Simple arithmetic is not so simple when the subjects to be added confuse the mind with matter. For instance, add 50 years' experience to 53,000 skilled people in 30 factories in 20 towns; put down £1m. a year for research; enter such items as a quite remarkable apprenticeship system, and throw in flawless electrical engineering design, modern manufacturing methods and fair dealing. What does it all add up to? The order books of the Associated Electrical Industries Group could show that the answer was the making of £50m. worth of electrical equipment a year. In detail there would be mention of such matters as Jet engines, infra-red equipment, radar, flat irons and coffee pots — everything electrical, from the greatest to the smallest. Or, turning from simple addition to the A.B.C., we can write the answers in three letters: A.E.I. — in which A=Associated, E=Electrical, I=Industries. Sum total — Associated Electrical Industries whose member companies make £50,000,000 worth of electrical equipment in a year.

Output per year	£50,000,000
Exports per year	£15,000,000
Highest H.P. driving motors	14,000
Giant Transformer (volts)	242,000
Number of employees	53,000
Factory floor space (sq. ft.)	10,000,000

It all adds up to

AEI

Associated Electrical Industries

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'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' the BIG refrigerator

it's what you've always wanted



Thousands of British housewives who find their refrigerators too small are afraid that a larger capacity model would take up too much kitchen space. The 'English Electric' Model 64A solves this problem. It provides more than 6 cubic feet of cold storage space, yet the cabinet is only 29½ inches wide. The extra room inside is in the height.

This refrigerator enables the housewife to do her week's shopping in a day and keep her food purchases fresh for whenever she wants them. Her husband will find that its price per cubic foot is remarkably low compared with other refrigerators. And with every model there is a 5 YEARS' GUARANTEE of trouble-free service from the quick-freezing, silent-running unit.

Write for leaflet and name of nearest distributor to
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A La Polonaise

How Distinctive!

**HORNIMANS
DISTINCTIVE
TEA**

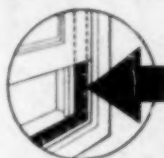
W. H. & F. J. HORNIMAN & CO., LTD.

EST. 1826

Maybe it's now **'SPRING
IN PARK LANE!'**



...but we are firmly thinking ahead to the time when GENERAL WINTER will make his inevitable return, and you, once more, will be the victim of draughts and discomfort in your office or home. Do you really wish to suffer them again next winter? Obviously not! As summer ends, the unprecedented demand for HERMESEAL begins, SO LET US PLAN TOGETHER NOW TO CURE YOUR FUTURE DRAUGHT PROBLEMS! DRAUGHT EXCLUSION by HERMESEAL prevents UP TO 95% OF THE COLD AIR LEAKAGE through draughty doors and windows, and ensures:



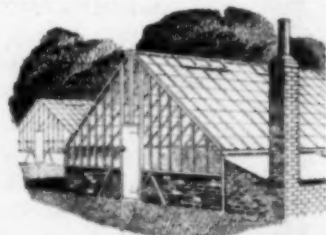
- ★ Lower heat losses
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- ★ Higher internal temperatures
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HERMESEAL, a PERMANENT installation in phosphor-bronze alloy, suitable for every type of door or window, carries a 10 year guarantee and repays its cost in a few winter seasons. May we send full details? Our local representative will be pleased to call.

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BBC

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THERE'S A LIFETIME OF BETTER SLEEP IN A SLUMBERLAND!

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It pays to say

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LIGHTER FUEL

- ★ NO SMOKE
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Fill a Sparklets Siphon with water, "charge" it with a Sparklets Bulb — and instantly a siphon of fresh zesty "soda" is yours! You're never without "soda" with a Sparklets Siphon — refilling takes only a few moments. Distinctive . . . handsome . . . in chromium with red, green or black relief, the Streamline model harmonizes with all surroundings. Price complete with Drip Tray 74/9d.

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Bottled as it flows from the Spring

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British Airmanship

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The past 30 years have seen not only the development of British airlines from the first London-Paris service to a vast network covering nearly 70 countries, but also the steady maturing of something beyond machines and scientific progress. Throughout Britain and the world this has come to be known as British Airmanship and already it has earned a significance comparable with that which traditionally attaches to British Seamanship.

British Airmanship sums up the reputation for skill, enterprise and reliability which in just over a generation of air travel has become inseparably associated with British airmen — something, indeed, to be proud of.

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A sweet pipe. A comfortable pipe. Well-made and well-balanced. A Barling, the pipe that gives perfect pleasure from the first puff. Take care of your Barling Pipe—supplies are still limited.

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Lengthen Leisure
WITH A
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MOTOR LAWN MOWER



Made by engineers for lawn lovers, this motor mower has special advantages: Foot-starter, high speed cutting cylinder, engine cooled by blower and all-gear drive.

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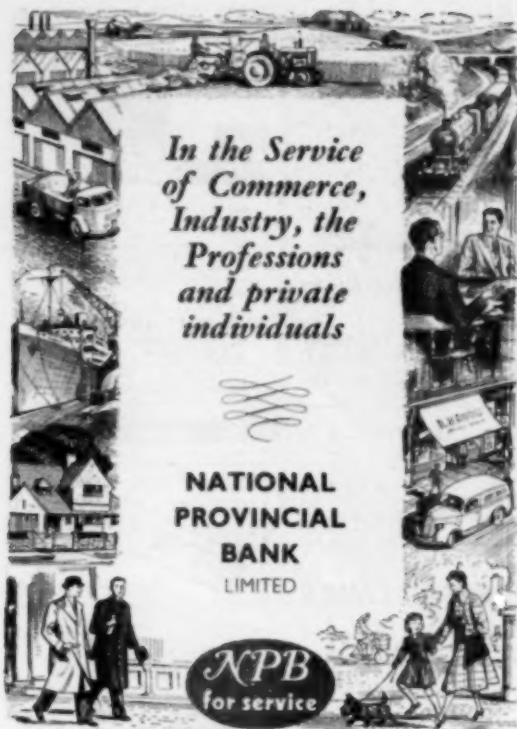
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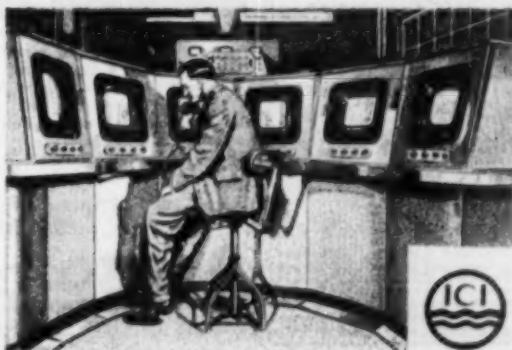
HONOURABLE WOUND

We went through the war together, but it was rapping for order at the Village Hall last night that proved the last straw! Never mind, a briar splice will soon put things right; we're good for many ounces of even, slow-burning Three Nuns yet . . . and that reminds me, might I have my pouch back? I've a second string ready in my pocket . . .

Three Nuns

Polythene

Polythene was essential for the development of another great achievement of British research — radar. The illustration shows the radar installation at the port of Liverpool. Polythene, or polymerised ethylene, is a tough yet flexible plastic with remarkable qualities as an electrical insulator. The name is generic for a range of solid polymers of ethylene, a gas derived from alcohol or petroleum. Ethylene will not polymerise easily, that is, the molecules will not join together in long chains, but in 1933, I.C.I. chemists found that under extreme pressure they could be made to do so. This was in itself a major scientific achievement, but equal skill and more patience were needed to develop polythene to the stage of commercial production. The pressures used — sometimes exceeding 10 tons per square inch — had never been employed before in chemical processes, and at the beginning there were many explosions, one of which almost wrecked the laboratory. The process was finally mastered in 1936, and the first plant manufacturing polythene came into production on 1st September, 1939, the day the Germans invaded Poland. Never was a product more timely in its arrival. Today it is finding many uses, the most important being the improvement of submarine telephone and telegraph cables.



She let her hair down!

Once upon a time Sir Lancelot rescued fair Guinevere imprisoned in the tower, but try as he would, he could not gain entry to rescue her. So—Guinevere let her hair down!



Up climbed the ever-gallant Lancelot and said, "What a pity to disarrange your lovely tresses!" Quoth Guinevere, "First not, noble knight, I'll soon put my hair in order with

The good 'tempered
KIRBIGRIP

6 Shades, 4 Sizes, for all hair styles

Also FINE, HAIR FINE, SAFETY FINE, NEBBLES, CURLERS, etc. Obtainable from all good Stores. Made in England by Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd., Birmingham, London and Redditch.

1326

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JACK TRAIN and ANONA WINN are right every time with Ronson! "No twenty goes with this—the Ronson is a first-timer," says Jack ("20 Questions"). Train. Team-mate Anona Winn adds, "To recap—it's a beauty, too!" Precision-built to last a lifetime, all Ronson lighters have the Ronson one-finger, one-motion safety action and are backed by the famous Ronson service. It's a joy to give or to get!

Every Ronson a Masterpiece of Craftsmanship

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WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

AVOID IMITATIONS—LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK **RONSON**

Press, it's lit—
Release, it's out!



A favourite Ronson, the Standard Butler. Price 38/6

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TAKE A COUPLE OF

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TABLETS INSTEAD!



They work quickly and safely because, in them, pure Aspirin is balanced with Phenacetin, Caffeine and Quinine, the products known to fortify and sustain the effects of Aspirin whilst eliminating undesirable after-effects.

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A New type of radio telephony and loud hailer is being fitted to all Life-boats. The operators can talk to the shore by radio telephony, or to the wreck through the loud hailer. The yearly cost of having this equipment will be £10,000. Help provide this extra safeguard by sending a contribution however small.

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Esso Serves the Nation



Surveying of the Fawley site began in 1949, and on this same spot a vast workers' 'dormitory' has already been erected.



Seven miles of track are being laid to serve the new Esso refinery.

This giant 'cat cracker', 150 ft. high, is typical of those at Fawley, which will have a yearly output of 5 million tons of refined oil—a big help towards solving our petrol problems.

At Fawley, near Southampton, a labour force of many hundreds, soon to be increased to thousands, is erecting an immense new Esso oil refinery.

Into this new Esso enterprise will flow annually over 5 million tons of crude oil from Middle East sterling sources. Out of it will come not merely a more abundant supply of petroleum products for power, warmth, light, comfort and convenience, but a major contribution towards the economic recovery of the nation.

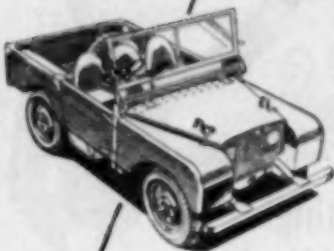


IT PAYS TO SAY

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Here it is . . .



the vehicle with 101 uses !

In an undertaking of any size the usefulness of the Land Rover is at once apparent. Such versatility of performance has previously been known only in military vehicles. Fast, powerful and adaptable, it provides the advantages of a four-wheel drive towing and delivery wagon, a mobile plant and a useful all-purpose runabout. A power take-off supplies pulley or shaft drive for a multitude of purposes.

It is built sturdily for hard work and hard wear with right- or left-hand drive as required.

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BRITAIN'S MOST VERSATILE VEHICLE

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SIXTY-SIX THOUSAND MILES WITHOUT A PUNCTURE!

WHAT A CAREFULLY-USED JOHN BULL CAN DO

The motorist who looks for value and long trouble-free mileage is surest of finding them when he asks for John Bull.

These factory-fresh tyres are supplied direct through your Garage—without intermediaries.

"I have to-day forwarded to you one John Bull tyre, size 6.50-16. This was fitted to one of my Austin 16.h.p. hiring cars. The car has been in constant use, and this tyre has covered the wonderful mileage of 66,411 miles. During this period I have never had a puncture in this tyre.

I am more than pleased with the performance of this tyre. It says a great deal for your firm to produce a tyre that has given such a good mileage."



JOHN BULL



John's starting out in the World ...

He's earning his living and he's got to find his own feet. What an advantage it is for him to have the Y.M.C.A. where he can meet his pals and join in the games and hobbies he likes. And what a comfort to his parents to know that he spends his spare time in a friendly, wholesome atmosphere among the right sort of people!

Many a young man entering the Forces or starting a civilian career finds lasting personal friendship and spiritual support in the Y.M.C.A. But the need for its service grows daily greater.

Please send the most generous donation you can afford to help the Y.M.C.A. to extend its work.

Donations may be sent to the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Athlone, K.G., G.C.B., President of the Y.M.C.A. War and National Service Fund: 112, Great Russell St., London, W.C.1



Y.M.C.A. WAR AND NATIONAL SERVICE FUND
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1908)

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Just give him the word, and he's off!



How Sheltie polishes that plate!

One Bob Martin's once a day will help to give your dog a rich blood supply, healthy bones and teeth, and the fine lustrous coat which nature intended him to have.

In balanced proportions, each tablet contains vitamins and mineral substances which supplement the diet of the domesti-

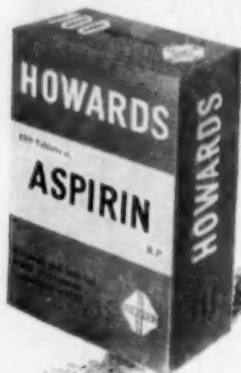
cated dog, and are necessary to keep him really fit.

Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets are sold in cartons at 8d. and 1/8d.

BOB MARTIN'S
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Not the cheapest ...
but the best



Don't let *these* eyes ...



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An error of sight can spell catastrophe in the Pilot's job. Indeed, inefficient eyes are *always* potentially dangerous—quite possibly to the work you do. So be sure that your eyes have proper care, give them plenty of rest, and all possible professional care—spectacles, if need be. For occasional eyestrain, and for any minor affections of the eye, use Optrex—and encourage all the family to do so, too. It is perfectly safe, for eyes of all ages—and so very pleasant.

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YOU forget your
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Dento takes your teeth off your mind . . . to smile with confidence, eat with comfort and sleep with repose. Dento gets stains clean away, freshens the plate and sterilizes germ irritants all in the few minutes while you dress or undress. And Dento is specially made for modern dentures.

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ARE you looking for an interesting and important job? One that offers good pay from the start and more opportunities for early promotion than most? A job in which initiative, intelligence and ability are the measures of success? Then you should certainly consider joining the Metropolitan Police.

To join you should be between the ages of 19 and 30, of good physique (5' 8" minimum height) and possess a high standard of education. Pay starts at £6.6.0. a week, plus a London allowance and generous tax-free emoluments. Full pay while training. In addition there are free quarters or tax-free rent allowance. Leave is good with full pay

and there are plenty of facilities for all sports. Initial promotion is by competitive examination, not necessarily by seniority, so that special ability and effort get quick recognition. You can also qualify to enter one of the specialised branches of the Force. Appointments to the highest ranks from within the service.

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The Crime Wave

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Look out for these

- 1 Each safe is designed to carry a given risk. Make sure it is adequate for your purpose.
- 2 Make sure your safe is not obsolescent—however good it looks.
- 3 Make sure of the history of your safe: second-hand safes are often unknown quantities—avoid them.

The name MILNERS has become synonymous with SECURITY—write today and let us help solve your problem.

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**This l'-tin
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Quality Cleaning **4/6** plus Retex (optional) 2/-
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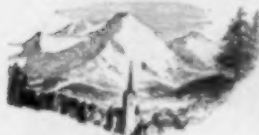


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When everyday muscular aches and pains get you down, Alka-Seltzer will pick you up—quick! Take one tablet in a glass of warm or cold water. Feel Alka-Seltzer's double-action go to work relieving aches and pains effectively—and fast. Make sure Alka-Seltzer is always on hand.

*feel better
FAST!*

An achievement unsurpassed in watch-making history



THIRTY-SIX years ago, the Rolex Watch Company obtained, for the first time in history, one of the coveted National Physical Laboratory Kew 'A' certificates for a small-size wrist-watch — an unheard-of thing in those days!

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Get free copy of the "Story of Rolex," inside story of the world's most famous watches, also address of nearest stockist. Write The Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green Street, London, W.1.



THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (H. WILSDORF, Governing Director)

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Fernandez
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ESCAPE TO THE PAST

The secret of happiness

THOUGH people, in the golden age of French cookery, were excited by wars and incensed by taxes, it was the table d'hôte that received the full force of their intellectual enthusiasm. But, even so, there were gourmets whose single-minded pursuit of provender disturbed their fellow epicures.

Fontenelle, who said the secret of happiness is a warm stomach and a cold heart, was one of these. "I am only a stomach," he would say. "It is very little, but I am content with it." One day, after inviting Cardinal Dubois to dine, Fontenelle discovered to his horror that the dignitary liked his asparagus served in butter sauce. Fontenelle preferred oil and vinegar, but he grudgingly arranged to have the vegetable served both ways.

Upon his arrival, the Cardinal was taken by a stroke. He died. Fontenelle rushed to the Kitchens shouting "all in oil", and then returned to lament his friend.

• • •

Today little remains of that age of fluent feasting. We can still thrill to the electric drama of a first night or the magic of an autumn wood. But what further have we?

A hint of luxury survives in Perfectos Cigarettes. Made by Player's according to the finest traditions of that world-famous House, blended by the world's finest craftsmen, they are packed in boxes of 50 and 100. In an imperfect world Perfectos Cigarettes are just about perfect.

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CIGARETTES

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**QUALITY
CAN GO
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Biro de luxe has an air of distinction that singles it out at once as a personal possession for quality-conscious people.

Biro de luxe—styled by Asprey's of Bond Street—has all the pleasing grace of modern streamlining, plus a cap and mountings of gold on solid silver. Cases are in grey, maroon or black. Biro de luxe carries the famous Biro Magnum refill with blue, red or 31B record ink (officially approved for record purposes) as required.



a pen for your thoughts

Manufactured by The Miles-Marion Pen Co., Ltd. 4903



DO CHAUFFEURS TALK T.I.P

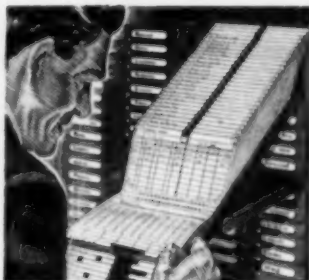
Viewed from behind, chauffeurs seem taciturn. Seen from the side they prove to know a lot — which is why many passengers prefer the front seat. And talking to chauffeurs takes you straight to TI, since there's hardly a car on the road today which could do without its TI components. Some of these, like the axles and the steering column, are merely vital. Some, like bumpers, tubular seats or windscreen frames, are decidedly convenient. Some, like special enamels and fittings, make all the difference to looks... (Chauffeurs know a lot about traffic signs, too. So do TI. They make most of them.)



THE SURNAME OF A THOUSAND THINGS

The letters TI mean Tube Investments Limited, of The Adelphi, London, W.C.2 (Temple Bar 0271). They also stand for the thirty producing companies of the co-ordinated TI group, makers of precision tubes, of bicycles and components, of wrought aluminium alloys, electrical appliances, pressure vessels, paints, road signs, metal furniture... and essential mechanical parts for a thousand and one things which everybody uses.

TO ACCOUNTANT
BUYER
FACTORY MANAGER
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SALES FACTS: Kardex will do everything for your salesman except make his calls. Shows him where to concentrate on the most profitable prospects, indicates the current need of each account, automatically prepares his selling angle and helps plan his day. Visible signals spotlight the key facts.

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PRODUCTION FACTS: Kardex provides a controlled record which allows planning ahead, resulting in continuous flow. Worked in conjunction with Remington Rand Machine Loading equipment it gives complete control along the whole pipe line of production.

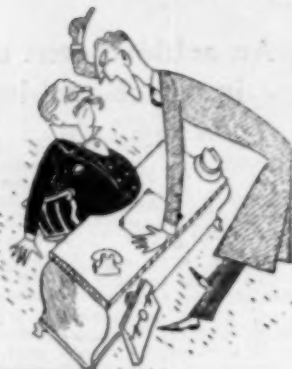
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"BARNEYS has given me the satisfaction and pleasure I had almost decided I would never again be able to find"

Many smokers, like this Barneys enthusiast from Burnley, have "teamed-up" with their favourite after patient trial of various brands. (One can almost hear the comment "That's exactly what happened to me.")

193 Road,
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Dear Sirs,

Before the War I was a regular pipe smoker, and during the War, more for convenience than anything else, I changed to cigarettes, but as shortages became more acute decided to return to the pipe. Naturally I started with the tobacco I used to smoke. But something had gone wrong.

I tried other makes, but always I was disappointed. I almost gave up in despair, but couldn't face up to having to queue for cigarettes. Then I bought a 2 oz. tin of Barneys.

The fragrance and freshness when I opened the sealed tin gave me new hope. After the first pipeful I felt my search was at an end. That was six months ago. Since then Barneys has given me the satisfaction and pleasure that I had almost decided I would never again be able to find.

Yours thankfully for a good smoke,

★

Pipe Tobaccos vary. No two Brands are alike. Barneys is the friendly smoke which pipemen themselves have been recommending to other smokers for close on 40 years.

Barneys (medium), Punchbowl (full) Parsons Pleasure (mild) Home Prices 4/3½ the oz. each.

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ATTERCLIFFE ROAD - SHEFFIELD

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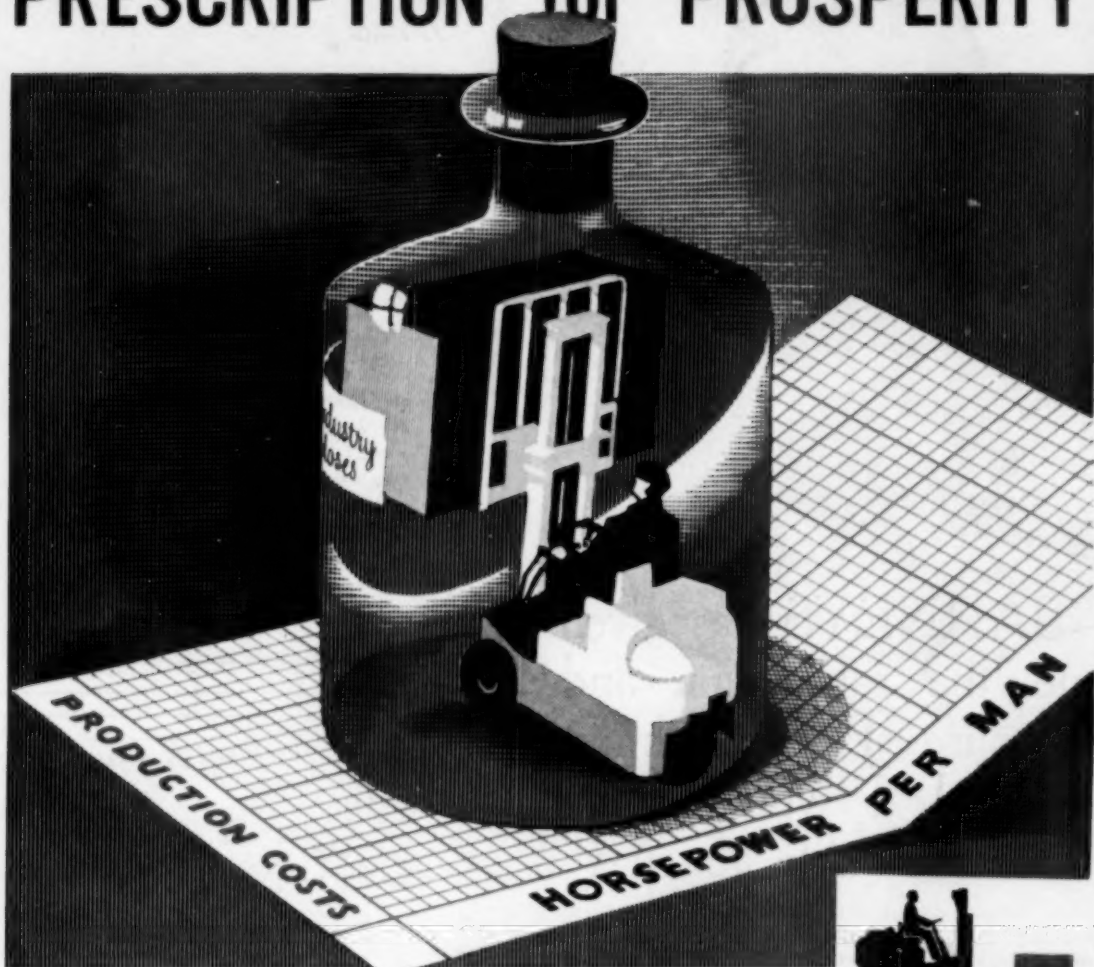


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